THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HARVEST TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

Slant and still the shadows lie,
With a dreamy grace, in the vale below,
And light clouds fleck the azure sky
Like foaming billows of fleecy snow.

The fresh, cool wind from the forest glades,
Of the mountain air and sunlight born,
Is softly rustling the glossy blades
Of the tall, luxuriant Indian corn.

A brown bird skimming through the air
Shakes down a shower of fragrant sweets
That clung to her dewy wings, from where,
In the tasseled clover, her love she meets.

Down in the mead, where the daisies grow,
With laugh and shout so cheery and gay,
Hither and thither—to and fro—
The mowers are tossing the fragrant hay.

And singing so gaily the reapers come,
Slowly winding adown the lane,
With glad hearts merrily driving home
The rustling sheaves of golden grain.

On many another long-gone year
I have watched this blithesome harvest scene,
And the light to-day is warm and clear
That is flooding the valley's glittering sheen.

Why does it seem less happy and bright
Than on many another harvest day?
And why do the waves of golden light
Break and shiver and die away?

Ah, we miss a voice in the harvest song—
A firm, proud lip and forehead high—
The lightest step in the jocund throng,
The glance of a flashing eagle eye.

Two years ago, when in and out
The swallows flew 'neath the mossy eaves,
And home they drove with many a shout,
The last ripe load of golden sheaves;

When wave on wave of the reapers' hymn
Was pulsing upon the summer air,
Our hearts grew sick and our eyes were dim,
And we murmured many an earnest prayer;

For smiling gally, and blessing all,
He grasped each sunburned, honest hand,
Proud to know that if he should fall,
He should nobly die for his native land.

Ah, me! while the mowers toss the hay,
And the reapers garner the shining grain,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And my heart is faint with a dreary pain.

For, far on the crimsoned battle plain,
With the banner shrouding his noble breast,
Amid the martyrs of freedom slain,
He is peacefully laid to his glorious rest.

OUR BET.

"Boat, gentlemen? It will do you a deal of good, Mr. Fred; and you too, Mr. Wood," said old Dan, coming across the beach to where we were lying.

"I can't go to-day," answered Wood. "I have a confounded engagement. Shall you go, Astley?"

"Yes, I think so," I said, looking at the sea, which, just stirred by a slight breeze, rippled and danced in the sunlight.

"All right, then. I shall have to bolt in a minute. What an awful row there is this morning."

"The beach is very full, sir," said Dan; "and see, you are in the middle of the crowd."

We were not far from the bathing machines; and on every side of us were groups of people, laughing, talking, flirting—all supremely merry, and not over careful about modulating the tones of their voices. The man with the guitar appeared to be the only person on the whole beach who was not making a noise. He, poor fellow, had broken one of the strings of his instrument, and was sitting by himself, disconsolately, trying to mend it. A family of foreign minstrels had settled themselves in front of the lapidary's shop, and the eldest boy was singing an Italian song, doing his utmost to make himself heard. He was, I own, singing under difficulties. The laughter of the bathers and the buzz of the talkers hardly conduced to render his voice the more audible; while the old bells of St. Augustine's church on the cliff above were ringing a loud wedding peal.

"In the middle of the infernal regions, I should say. I never heard such a horrid Babel in my life," muttered Wood, as he stalked off, and I went to the boat.

"I expected that you would come, Mr. Fred," said old Dan. He always called me Mr. Fred. We had been great friends ever since he gave me my first lesson in rowing, when I was a very little fellow. I believe I took to him then wonderfully; and since that time he had never seemed to me to have changed nor to have grown older. He always was, as far back as I could remember, the same sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with the same bronzed face, and the same clear, keen, gray eye. He had been for several years on board a man-of-war, but he was not a great talker on any subject, and never, I believe, spoke of his younger days. A superannuated, half-witted veteran, who lived in the town, declared that he was with Dan Baker on board H. M. S. Etna. But the veteran knew nothing about Dan's history, and Dan himself never told it to any one. There was something in it he evidently wished to conceal, and the odd name of his boat, the Faithless Maid, was the only ground on which curious people could build. He, was, in spite of his taciturnity, a great favorite with us young fellows. We had christened him Cato; he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman censor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking anything but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave one the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly, bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good boatman, and was much sought after by the people, who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure boats at Cliffgate.

"Strange scenes in these boats sometimes, Mr. Fred," the old fellow said suddenly, after he had pulled for some minutes without speaking.

"Ah, I suppose so," I answered carelessly, and without thinking what I said. My thoughts were just then turned upon a bet I had made, and which had happened rather oddly. It was between six of us: Ned Darwell, Wood, Lucas and one of his cousins, Andrews, and myself. And he who shook hands first with a certain young lady was to win the stakes. Ned called my attention to her as we were walking in the Rose Gardens, listening to the band.

"*By Jove!*" he said, nipping my arm, "there's a jolly girl."

She had very dark hair and eyes, which were rendered the more attractive by a bewitching little mauve hat, with a white veil tied behind in a bow. She was rather tall and slight, but very graceful; and her little feet as they peeped out every now and then from under her muslin dress—for the grass was rather damp, and the dress had to be held up—seemed perfection. She was accompanied by an old, soldierly-looking gentleman, and a young fellow, of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was walking by her other side.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered Ned. "Some new importation. Hullo! here's Lucas; he is sure to know. I say, Lucas, my boy, who is that dark girl with the hat?"

"Oh, hang the girl with the ram-shaped hat! She's Letitia Turner. Everybody knows her ugly phiz."

"No; the one with the mauve hat and white veil. There! man alive! can't you see? There! just turning round at the end of the walk. Do you see her now?"

"Don't know her at all," said the other. "Do you, John?" he asked, turning to his cousin.

"Never saw her before," said the cousin. "But she's awfully swell."

Then Wood and Andrews strolled up. They asked us the very question we were going to ask them; so we discovered that the young lady was a perfect stranger to us all. Whereupon Lucas undertook to rout her out, as he called it, and tell us.

"I say, Lucas," said Ned, who was rather jealous of the ascendancy Lucas had gained over us in the honor of finding out and becoming acquainted with different young ladies, "I'll bet you anything you like that I'll shake hands with her before you will. There, Lucas, my boy, there's a fair bet for you."

"Done," cried Lucas.

Then Wood chimed in. "So will I, that I'll shake hands before either of you."

And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

So the bet was made; and it was about it that I was thinking when Dan spoke to me.

"Very strange scenes," he said again, nodding at me over his oars. I suppose the expression had been well digested and proved wholesome, so he repeated it. "They say a London cabman could tell a good deal," he continued, still nodding. "But, bless you, sir, what can they see or hear? There they sit, flogging their poor horses, while the people are behind them, shut up in a rattling, rackety thing. They can't hear, sir. How can they? Now we, you see, Mr. Fred, when we come forward like this, we could almost kiss the people, much more hear what they say." To prove his assertion, old Dan suited his action to his words, and bent over his oars, leaning forward as far as he could. Having finished his long speech, he nodded again mysteriously, as if to say, "There, I have enlightened you quite enough for one day," and then pulled on again.

As he seemed inclined to be silent, and did not speak, my thoughts gradually reverted to our bet. Lucas had told us that the young lady was Miss Leith, that the old gentleman was Major Leith, and that they and Mr. Henry Leith were living at 6, Marine Gardens. So much information he had gathered from the Cliffgate Chronicle; but that was not an introduction, and "I see no chance of getting one," he said to me ruefully. All his numerous cousins had proved perfectly useless on this occasion. Among us Ned had been the most lucky. Miss Leith had

SWIMMING OUT TOO FAR.

bowed and thanked him when he picked up a book which she dropped upon the Parade. I came second. In passing once I was honored with a second look. The rest were nowhere; and just a week had elapsed since we made the bet. Up to the present time Miss Leith had been invincible, though we had all done our utmost to obtain an introduction. Not that any of us cared for the stakes; they were trifling enough; but there was a spirit of emulation at work within us for the honor of the first shake of the hand of the young lady. The more difficult it became the more eager we all were to win it. We had found out that nobody in the town knew her, so we were thrown upon our own resources.

She went down to the beach every morning when it was fine, and walked upon the Parade in the afternoon; but was always accompanied by either her father or the young fellow announced in the Chronicle as Mr. Henry Leith. Whether Mr. Henry Leith was her brother or her cousin, and in the latter case her lover, we could not find out. But we put him down for a brother.

We had told Dan about our bet, and he had promised to help us if he could. That, perhaps, was the chief reason why I seized the opportunity of having him to myself for an hour.

"Seen Miss Leith, Dan?"

The old fellow shook his head. "Heard she was fond of pulling, though," he said, after a short time.

"Oh, indeed!" I answered, as a thought struck me. "I say, Dan, I shall want your boat for two or three hours a-day for the next week or so."

Now Dan had been in the habit of lending me his boat, because he knew that I could pull and manage it properly. I did not anticipate any trouble in getting it, so I was surprised when he appeared to hesitate.

"What are you going to do with it, sir, may I ask?"

"Never you mind, Dan. You lend me the boat. What I do with it is nothing to you; that is, as long as I don't damage it."

"You are right, sir. You shall have it."

He smiled as he spoke, and I could easily see that he guessed for what purpose I wanted the boat. However, he said nothing till the hour was up. Then, as I was getting out, he called me by my name, and said in a low tone:

"I have known you now for a long time, Mr. Fred. Do mind what you are about, sir. Young women are changeable creatures. I should not like you to be taken in."

His voice was so sad, and his old bronzed face looked so troubled, that I knew he was speaking from experience,—perhaps from some bitter lesson he had learned in his youth, and which in some way accounted for the odd name of his boat.

"Come, old Cato," I said, "it is only to win the bet; I am not in love with the young lady. See you to-morrow. Ta-ta."

The next morning, according to our agreement, Dan brought the boat round to the part of the beach nearest to my house. I did not live in the town, but some ten minutes' walk from it, along the cliff; and there was a path from the house down to the beach. He found me there, dressed in an old boating suit, with my face hid as much as possible by a large slouching hat. I was then twenty-four, but looked a little older, and I meant in this disguise to lay seige to Miss Leith.

"Be careful, Mr. Fred," were the only words he said as we exchanged places; and then I pulled leisurely to where the visitors generally resorted. How all this would help me to obtain an introduction I was not quite clear; but I was, to tell the truth, jealous of her having spoken to Ned; and I thought that, at any rate, I should be able, in my capacity of boatman, to get a word from her. I had also a hazy idea that I might possibly give her hand a little shake as I helped her out of the boat, if ever I were fortunate enough to persuade her to come in. I thought that it would be extremely agreeable to sit opposite to her for an hour, hearing her talk, and almost near enough to kiss her, as Dan said, whenever I leant forward.

"Boat this morning, sir?" I said, as I pulled past the place where Miss Leith and her brother were sitting.

"Not this morning, thank you," he answered.

I had spoken as much like the Cliffgate boatmen as I was able. Lucas, too, had heard me, and looked up; but did not seem to recognize either me or my voice, and that emboldened me. Then the Major came down with his Times, and Mr. Leith left them for his morning bath. I saw him plunge in and swim out to sea; and, as I wanted to follow his example, I determined to pull home and change my clothes.

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

"There! That little black speck is his head. He is coming back now."

"Oh, what a way he is out! Oh, papa! what is the matter?" she said, as a strong cry from Mr. Leith reached her ears.

"Nothing, nothing. Keep still, girl," he said, beckoning to me. In a minute he had scrambled into the boat, and we had left the beach.

"Pull, man! He has got the cramp! A hundred pounds if you reach him before he sinks! Harry! Harry!" he bawled out, "keep up. Oh, my boy! for God's sake keep up! Pull with your left. Now you are straight. Pull both. Hard!"

I have often rowed in a race; but I never pulled with such a will as I did on that day. The boat was the best in Cliffgate; and it seemed to fly over the water as I put all my strength and weight into each stroke. I have just a dim recollection of seeing crowds upon the beach running about, while the Major stood in the stern, without moving or speaking, watching his sinking son.

"Oh, my God, he is down!" burst from the old gentleman, as he sank backwards upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

I can remember dropping the oars and tearing off my hat and boots. As I turned round I saw, scarce six yards from the head of the boat, a hand rise, then a head—it was his last struggle—and then both went down together. A moment afterwards I was in the water, catching hold of something large and white, and rising with it to the surface. How I found it I don't know; but I knew it was the young man. I felt his arms cling to my neck, and his weight pull me down. I could swim well; and as my head rose above the water, and I saw the glorious bright sun, my love of earth seemed so strong, and the thought of death so terrible, that I struggled hard to keep afloat. But my clothes were thick and impeded my limbs. His arms were tightly clasped around my neck, and his dead weight was pulling, forever pulling, me down.

Then something dark came between me and the light; and the old boat, with the Major in it, glided past almost at arm's length. I made a clutch—a rope was trailing in the water—and as I caught it, and pulled myself with my burden to the side, I heard the shout from the beach, and felt the Major's hand unclasping his son's arms from my neck.

"I'll hold him; you get in at the other side. Come, that's well done," he said, as we lifted Mr. Leith into the boat. "Now you row in, and I'll soon bring him to."

It was not the first time, as I afterwards learnt, that the Major had helped to resuscitate a half-drowned person. He knew exactly what to do; and under his skillful treatment his son opened his eyes before we reached the shore.

"I must dress him before I can convey him home," said the Major.

So I took them to the young fellow's machine, and then pulled away, partly to change my clothes and partly to avoid being known. I succeeded in the latter, even better than I had hoped; for when I met the Major and his daughter on the Parade, in the afternoon, they did not recognize me. I had left my slouching hat at home, and my hair and whiskers were not then plastered to my face with water. I also found out that nobody had noticed me in the morning; so I determined to play on my new character of boatman. Whereupon, the next day assuming the old disguise, I went forth again in search of fresh adventure.

"Oh! there he is, papa," Miss Leith said, as I passed.

"Ah, so he is. Here, my man, we will go for a pull to-day. How are you this morning? Caught no cold yesterday, I hope?"

"By Jove! I don't know how to thank you," said Mr. Henry, shaking my hand as soon as he was in the boat. "But I want to have a *jaw* with you some time."

Then the Major, muttering some thanks, held out his hand; and Miss Leith gave me her brightest smile, which I prized more than all.

"How strange, papa," she said, reading the name of the boat. "You know Miss Hemery told us to have this one before we came."

"Bless me, yes. I have heard a good deal about you, Mr. Baker. I heard that you were very sober, and very respectable, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me, too, that you were not always a boatman," he said, glancing at my hands, which were rather whiter than the flippers of the sons of Neptune usually are. "So, if you like to give up this sort of life, why, I'll take care that you always have a snug roof over your head."

I thanked him very much; but I told him that I liked my life very well. In fact I was fairly stumped as to what to say. I felt half inclined to laugh at being taken for old Dan; and yet I felt that the Major ought not to be allowed to continue in his mistake.

"You seem very young to be such a hermit. Come, you must marry. I will find you a wife, and keep her well, too."

"Yes, you must forget the Faithless Maid now," said Miss Leith, smiling again. I suppose she had heard some of the conjectures about Dan's life.

"I do not mean to be inquisitive," the Major said, "but I cannot bear to see a young man like you, and one too who is so superior to this sort of work, settling down to such a life. Remember what we owe to you. Will you not tell me your trouble? I may be able to help you; and I swear I won't spare money or trouble to make you happy."

Although, of course, I did not want any pecuniary help, his kind way in offering it, and the fatherly manner in which he put his hand upon my shoulder as I bent forwards, made me

ashamed of the trick I had played upon him. He must sooner or later find it out; and I wondered within myself, as I leant over the oars, looking down, with his hand upon my shoulder, whether he would then be so kind as now.

"I should like to see you privately to-morrow, sir," I said, putting off the time as long as I could.

"Very well, then. Come in the morning at eleven—6, Marine Gardens. Ask for Major Leith."

I promised to do so, and nothing more was said about it during our pull.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Henry, when he was on the beach. "The governor has had all the talk to-day; but I shall see you again soon."

"Good-bye," said Miss Leith with a nod, as her brother helped her out. "Good-bye."

"I wonder if she will nod and smile," I thought, "when she finds out who I am. I shall be certain to see her again this afternoon at the band; but she won't know me without this hat. I'll risk it at any rate. What a jolly smile she has!"

Though I did not expect to be recognized, I had, whilst dressing, sundry qualms about going; and when the time came for me to start I was sitting in the window, still hesitating. I had just decided that I would not go, when Ned walked up the garden and stepped into the room.

"Well, old fellow, you'll be late," he said, tapping my knees with his stick. "Don't be so idle. Come along."

"I am not going, Ned."

"Not going! Why not? Miss Leith is sure to be there. Ah! I see. You find it's no good struggling against me. I respect your sense of discrimination; but I can't walk there without somebody. Just come to keep me company."

So I took his arm, and we strolled together into the Rose Gardens.

"There's that swell girl I met last night," he said. "Lucas will be at her side in a minute if I don't look out. Ta-ta."

Dropping my arm, he raised his hat to the young lady, and then walked off by her side just as Lucas came up.

"I don't think Miss Leith is here," said Lucas to me; "but there is Letitia Turner at the other end, looking such an awful fright."

Letitia, who was the wrong side of thirty, honored me, when we met, with a most gracious bow. She certainly did look, as Lucas said, "an awful fright;" and whilst I was admiring the gorgeousness of her "getup," I awkwardly trod upon the dress of a lady who was sitting down.

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round and raising my hat.

It was Miss Keith; and I saw in a moment, from the blush that colored her cheeks, that I was recognized. It was my voice, I knew, that had betrayed me; but I walked on till I came to the railings that bounded the gardens. There was no gate at the side where I was, or I should have gone out; and the nearest one was exactly opposite the seat which the Leiths occupied. I waited for some minutes looking over the railings, and then turned round. Standing directly in front of me was the Major, entirely cutting off all means of retreat.

"How do you, Mr. Baker?" he said, with a grin, while I felt rather uncomfortable.

Then I stammered out something, apologizing for the deceit I had practised upon him.

"I was going to tell you to-morrow," I said; "but I hope, sir, that you will not think the worse of me for it."

"By my faith, sir, that I won't. I thought this morning that you looked a devilish gentleman-like boatman, and said so to my daughter. It is I who have to apologise for calling to you yesterday as I did; but I had not time to look at you. I only saw a man in boatman's clothes, and, of course, took you for one. Give me your hand," he said, stretching out his own, and then adding, with a laugh, "though, I suppose, now, you will not want me to put a roof over your head; yet I shall always be heartily glad to see you under mine. By-the-by, as you are no longer Baker, what name do you mean to assume now?"

"Astley."

"Well then, Mr. Astley, I hope this will be the beginning of a long friendship."

"I am sure, sir, nothing will give me greater pleasure."

"It was Baker's boat, though, you were in?" he said.

"Yes,—'The Faithless Maid.'"

"Then, as I live, Baker shall have the wife and the cottage."

"I won't answer for the wife," I said.

"Then he shall have the cottage without her. He shall have something. I will go and find him now. You come with me and I'll introduce you."

"My daughter, Mr.—— I beg your pardon, I have a shocking memory for names."

"Astley," I suggested.

"Mr. Astley," he said, "the amateur boatman."

At this we all laughed, and Miss Leith blushed. Then the Major, with a good hearty farewell, left us, and went on his errand.

"I caught him," he said, when he returned, "He has consented, after a slight skirmish, to live with me, and have a place to harbor his old hulk in. We must go now, Helen. Private to-morrow at eleven, eh, Mr. Astley? Well, I hope I shall see you soon."

"Thank you, Major. Good-bye, Miss Leith."

"Good-bye, Mr. Astley," she said, putting out her hand.

Lucas and Ned, who were wandering about, passed at that moment. They both looked,—the envious wretches,—and actually scowled at me, as I took the little hand and shook it.

So I won our bet.

And besides the bet, I won also that which had caused it. For soon afterwards Miss Leith gave me her hand "to shake," as she herself said, "as often as ever I liked." A. Y. H.

☞ A Word from Brigham.—Brigham Young says the devil is much of a gentleman in comparison with many who serve him. In one of his late sermons Brigham relates the following:—"A gentleman said to me, 'I would like to establish a billiard table and a drinking saloon in your city; you must have such places here by-and-by, any how.' May be we will, and may be we will not; we shall see whether God Almighty will reign among his people, or whether the devil will. I shall keep such Christian institutions out of this city as long as I can."

☞ A curious fight took place at Valladolid, Spain, recently—an encounter between a bull and an elephant. The conflict was remarkable for its inequality, the elephant almost without an effort preventing its antagonist from touching it.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

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TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The enormous increase in the prices of paper, ink, &c., has at length compelled us to discontinue our club rates. Prices are now so fluctuating, though tending upwards constantly, that we hardly know what to do. We may have to advance the price of single subscriptions from two dollars to two dollars and a half or three dollars—clubbing at or over two dollars—but at present think it best simply to drop our club rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. A. F. We do not wish any stories out of old books.

Pimples. There is probably no better mode of removing pimples, eruptions, &c., from the face, than to take plenty of fresh air and exercise, go to bed at good hours, and avoid the eating of gravies and fat meats, and the drinking of milk, tea, coffee and spirituous liquors. In some cases, where they are constitutional, even this treatment will only partly clear the skin.

THE HUNDRED DAYS MEN.

The daily papers say that, under the President's call for 24,000 men to serve for one hundred days, eighteen regiments have been already organized at Harrisburg, and five in this city—eighteen out of the twenty-three being already in the field. What is the average strength of the Harrisburg regiments we are not informed, but the regiments raised in this city will probably average one thousand men each. Thomas's regiment, which left a week or two ago, numbered, we believe, about thirteen hundred men.

The similar call on the State of New York, we believe, has not yet met with any effectual response. We see that a number of regiments have been organized in the city of New York, but their numbers have been so small, that further recruiting would seem to be necessary in order to make them effective.

It is to be hoped that no further time will be lost in adjusting difficulties, but that the quota from New York will be hurried on for the defence of the border.

Of the Massachusetts call for 5,000 men, we see accounts of two full regiments having passed through the city.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

John Ruskin, the art-critic, and author of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," in a recent letter to the *London Morning Post* expresses the following opinion of his fellow Englishmen. We think he is not a little unjust, though such probably will not be the general opinion of Americans. Mr. Ruskin says:—

"The cession of Savoy was the peaceful present of a few crags, goats, and goatherds by one king to another; it was also fair to pay for fair work, and, in the profoundest sense, no business of ours. Whereupon Mr. Kinglake mewed like a moon-struck cat going to be made a mummy of for Bumbostis. But we saw the noble Circassian nation murdered, and never uttered a word for them. We saw the noble Polish nation sent to pine in ice, and never struck a blow for them. Now the nation of our future Queen calls to us for help in its last agony, and we round sentences and turn our backs. Sir, I have no words for these things, because I have no hope. It is not these squeaking puppets who play before us whom we have to accuse; it is not by cutting the strings of them that we can redeem our deadly error. *We English, as a nation, know not, and care not to know, a single bread or basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us.* We will hit anybody again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets; and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity whereon generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardless of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavement of whites, proper horror of regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy with those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead whom we have ourselves delivered to death."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the year 1863. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs; Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. Volume 8. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Jas. K. Simon, agent, 33 south Sixth St., Philada.

Overland Explorations in Siberia, Northern Asia, and the Great Amoor River Country. By Major Perry McD. Collins, Commercial Agent of the United States for the Amoor River, Asiatic Russia. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

The New Internal Revenue Law, Approved June 30, 1864. With copious marginal references, a complete Analytical Index, and Tables of Taxation. Compiled by Horace E. Dresser. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

A Manual For Cavalry. Routine of Duty in Quarters, Camp, and on the March. By Brig. Gen. W. L. Elliott. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Hospur. A Tale of the Old Dutch Manor. By Mansfield T. Walworth, author of "Lulu." Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

The National Quarterly Review, for June, 1864. Published by E. I. Sears, New York; for sale by J. K. Simon, agent, Philada.

The Coward. A Novel of Society and the Field in 1863. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Margaret and Her Bridesmaids. By the author of "The Queen of the County," &c. Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

The American Journal of Medical Sciences. July number. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By Robert Carter. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Battle Fields of our Fathers. By Virginia F. Townsend. Published by John Bradburn, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada. Miss Townsend has many admirers, and judging by the interest a young lady friend of ours has shown in reading the present volume, it is one which many would like to read.

Azarian; an Episode. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott, author of "The Amber Gods." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness, Prof. in Brown University; author of "A First Latin Book," &c., Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Statement of the Suffolk Gold Mining Company, Gregory District, Gilpin County, Colorado. Printed by Rand & Avery, Boston, Massachusetts.

School Books. "First Book in English Grammar," by G. P. Quackenboss, A. M. "An Elementary Arithmetic," by G. P. Quackenboss, A. M. "A Primary Arithmetic," by G. P. Quackenboss, A. M., and "Progressive Lessons in Greek, &c.," by W. B. Silber, A. M. All published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

A Sermon by the Rev. Morgan Dix, S. D. T., Rector of Trinity Church, New York. This is a plea in favor of Church Unity as embodied in an outward Church, existing from the beginning of Christianity. The following extract is noticeable:—

"There is an immense selfishness in the idea that the one work for each to do here is to save his soul. Suppose a man should say: Why talk to me, why trouble me about Church Unity? Enough if I can stay where I am, and save my soul, and get to heaven. Ah, brother, you are wrong. That is not enough. That is not all your work. There are things into which, if a man will throw himself, his soul will be saved as a matter of course, while he is working for other people's souls, and lets God take care of his. And there are men, who, wrapped in thoughts of self, do miss the path which leadeth unto life, because they shut up their compassion from their brethren."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Cannot be Helped.—The representatives of the Boston weekly papers met last week and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the subscribers agree to advance the rates of subscription to our respective journals, from 20 to 50 per cent. by August 15, 1864.

Resolved, That the subscribers will advance their rates of advertising from 20 to 50 per cent.

☞ The Kearsarge.—How difficult it is to compile history from "contemporary authorities" must be apparent from the fact that leading French and English journals, as well as private English and French letters written by respectable men, positively assert that the Kearsarge is an iron-clad ship! and that she owed her victory over the Alabama to her being armored!

☞ Official reports of European countries have shown more boy-children are born in war than in times of peace, and that although at the end of the wars of the First Napoleon, it was rare to find a Frenchman over five feet three, there was a recuperation in the next age, and now the average height of the men does not vary much from what it was before the Directory.

☞ What California Wants.—A California correspondent thus speaks of the wants of his state: "What California needs most to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is *seventy-five thousand females*, which would equal the male population, according to the last census."

☞ The Roxbury Journal states that the recent robbery of Mr. Appleton's house in Shawmut avenue, of that city, was committed by a young man named Morse who boarded in the family and was about to be married to Mr. Appleton's daughter. He confessed the deed and says he did it in order to get money enough to be married with.

Passing Faces.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Merged in a multitude of men upon the street, lost amid hurrying feet and varying faces, we wander in an unknown universe. Passing and repassing, an endless throng, what are these beings really to you? Such as yourself? Each a receptacle of as vast as sea of thought, yet diverse, as fills that busy brain of thine? No, no;—you will say you believe so, but can you realize such a belief? Save indeed those few whose lives and yours have met and for a space mingled, men to you are but animated masses, moulded, it is true, into shapes similar to yours, featured after the same general pattern, but blank satellites to your living, throbbing world, comets just entering your ken then passing off into space forevermore. There is almost always enough of the world within engraved on the features without to give keen eyes an idea of its general character, but what inhabitants it may have, what secrets below the surface, very seldom these stand revealed.

Think not one other human being lives in the same world with yourself. What are you to others? A living automaton, worked by a series of internal chords and pulleys; a congregated mass of blood avenues; a congeries of nerve telegraphs; a mere mechanical effort of nature intended to show what wonders she can work with dust and the elements;—no more, scarce so much, to those passing figures whose rapid eyes seek to read you at a glance. They may see the rude, external features of your world, as a Lord Rosse reflector gives the general surface of the moon, but whether those bright spots be peopled water or only shining desert, what cities thronged with life lie on the slopes or in the valleys of those desolate mountains; above all, the wonder of that other side that never yet was turned to mortal gaze, who shall tell?"

Such to others art thou, oh, reador, but what to thyself? Lo thy first glance within rests on a sphere, boundless, magnificent, glowing with life and event. As one who stands on an Alpine peak and sees at his feet the sunny Switzer land, with all its lakes and valleys, its hills and peopled places, to thee upon the summit of life, with a thousand memories spread before thy gaze, thoughts peopling the air around thee, hopes, like sunset, clouds delightfully flushing the west whither thy steps are turned—to this rare region within what is the rude spot we name earth? Where without are such flower-parterres, such palaces of Aladdin. Such lovely Savannas outrivalling the East? Who doubts the tales breathed through nights of Araby by the sweet tongue of Scheherazade? They may never have known objective reality, but within the narrow circuit of the brain cannot the conjurer, Fancy, at will call up like marvels, momentarily as real as life itself? 'Tis an enchanted land our thought inhabits, a world of fiery, where genii, more powerful than those whom Solomon chained in mountain caverns, or in sealed caskets buried under oceans, stand ready slaves to the lamp and the ring. King Louis of France spent years and millions to enchant a small spot of earth into the loveliness called Versailles; we need minutes only and units of the coinage of Fancy to build palaces and plant parks to whose varying beauty and endless charm Versailles is a desert. Bounded by mountain summits of thought, whose outer slopes are ever washed by a broad sea of realities, lieth a land of marvel named Imagination. Like the happy valley of Rasselas it sleepeth, mountain girdled in a desert; but more fortunate than he we need not invent wings in order to enter or leave this charm-bound spot. On the pinions of a wish, with eyes shut to the world, we fly thither. Open our closed eyes, letting the outer universe flow in, and fact again appals us. But oh! the wonder of that region! Many explorers has it had, who in thrilling, hushed tones relate their marvellous adventures within its wide bounds, while we with wide-eyes and rapt attention listen to the absorbing tale.

Trending the streets of cities thronged with hurrying thousands, how one face will leap out from the thousand, thrilling us to the soul with a revelation of its inner life! The masses beside move by like dreams, their faces mayhap painted with some emotion, mayhap left blank. These few alone really live to us.

I have thus, with eyes running over countless features unimpressive, empty of significance, glanced upon another countenance and into another pair of eyes, and straight the tropics lay spread before me, a tangled mass of vegetation, luxuriant with gorgeous flowers; mountains of living verdure, the rock fountain buried in green; silent lakes, black with the constant gloom of overshadowing branches; tigers crouched in jungles; Georgian maidens touching lute strings in brilliant seraglio gardens; souls, like tropical worlds, looking out from burning black eyes.

This face passes with its thousand blanks, then we gaze on another. Like a magical transformation we behold the open Polar sea, walled in for ever by giant bergs, yet far to the south, dim and lovely, flames and flashes the charmed sun palace of the Aurora. Another face, and crime stands revealed, perhaps or a desolate, barren heath afar from all human discovery, yet ever glancing distrustfully, and ever seeking shelter from fancied pursuit; or a murderous, quailing fear, hidden in the edge of a forest, yet revealed to the eye of honesty by its very lurking dread.

Again the windows of a soul fly open before us and our glad eyes look on Eden, the primitive garden, peopled by innocence and security, fresh planted from the Almighty hand, where angels clasping hands with mortals tread still scenes of glory. Again the same scene, but the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil has been eaten, and the transgressor is wandering disconsolate outside his Paradise, at whose gates the same angels wave swords of fire.

Thus rises scene after scene in the revelation of faces. What volumes of heart life our vagrant eyes may read; seeing rapt students, buried for ever in the hearts of vast libraries; taking in worlds at a glance; hearing spheral music in the tone of a voice; seeing Heavens in mortal eyes; or Hells, crouched low in mortal souls, yet glaring upward in lurid flame. Universes, wonder wrought, exquisite; glooms of a cavernous midnight, where the soul roams for ever in endless darkness; vast, desert reaches; strands of great oceans, wrought on by storms below dim horizons, their vast rolling billows dashed in white ruin here; battle fields, loud with the roar of artillery, fierce with the rush of combatants, fearful with the bloody relics of war, the broken fragments of disaster, horror, pain, and death succeeding turmoil and fury; eyes heavy with tears and woe; hearts weeping blood. Let us close the dread revelation; there is that in the eyes of our fellow creatures too terrible to look upon, a cruel meaning oft in looks that makes the blood shudder in our veins.

Fortunate are they within whom glow the rich fields of imagination whither to fly from the dread realities of life, and in ever new Hesperides forget impending misery and ruin.

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Chestnut Grove Cottage, July 23d, 1864.

Dear Editor:—I have long enjoyed the contents of your entertaining paper, and have conceived the wish that I might add something to its interesting columns.

I am between the ages of fifteen and thirty, which you will not find many young ladies admit respecting themselves, and I have been engaged for several years in literary pursuits, which have undermined my health. My physician has advised me to forego sedentary habits, and taste of household work as a means of recruiting my strength. Resolved to start in pursuit of one of the greatest blessings to mankind, and seek it in whatsoever place or position it might probably be found, and having no home of my own, I caused to be inserted in one of our daily papers an advertisement stating that a young lady wished a situation in a family to assist in the care of a house—recompense no object; must be in the country; any one wishing a pleasant companion on such terms might address G. M., Philada. P. O. I received a number of replies, and not feeling capable of making a selection, determined to commence at the first, and make trial of that and each succeeding one until I was suited. I therefore forwarded a few lines to Abbotsford Mills, informing my employer of the time of my arrival, and requesting that they should meet me. I sent for a carriage to convey myself and luggage to the boat, and bidding adieu to my ladyship for a short time, entered upon my new career as maid of all work. A few hours after my departure from the city I arrived at the wharf where I was to unship, and being set on shore, looked anxiously for a sight of my new companions. None appeared to be waiting for me—the last were just driving off when a new actor came upon the stage in the shape of an over-grown boy of apparently seventeen years of age, with sandy hair, sandy complexion, sandy eyes, sandy everything, altogether the most sandy individual it had ever been my pleasure to behold. Upon seeing me he jerked off his apology for a hat, pulled the forelock of his hair, and greeted me with, "Be you our new hired gal?"

I was amused, but replied in the affirmative, and inquired if his mistress had sent him for me. He did not know as he had any "missus," but his "marm" had sent him. He assisted me into the cart in waiting, and then hoisted my trunks, giving vent to his feelings by a "Whew—got lots o' things." I was curious to see the rest of my employer's family, and was not sorry when we stopped before a low, dark, stone house, with small windows, the casements void of paint, and discolored with age, the walls were bare, no porches, no vines, no flowers—near the front entrance was a time-marked draw-well—at the side was a pen, from which issued sundry grunts of welcome—on the other side was a rough building, which my knight informed me was the cow-shed and chicken-house—to the back was the barn.

The fences, barn, out-houses, all partook of the same dingy color. I began to think that seeking my health in that quarter would not be pleasant, when I was aroused by "How dy do? come, 'light, we must get dinner in a jiffy—the boys'll be long soon." I was shown my room, in the attic, where I could "unrig." I changed my travelling suit for a fresh white wrapper and slippers, and descended to the kitchen, where I was initiated into the art of getting dinner. The dishes placed upon the table, a horn was blown, and soon after the boys made their appearance. I was surprised to find the boys were near a score of large, sunburnt, be-whiskered men, who greeted me with numerous stares as they devoured the different viands before them.

After we had all reinforced the inner man, a tub was brought in, and I was directed to clear the table, while my mistress scoured the milk churns. I made slow progress, until assisted by a boy of twelve or fourteen. Not knowing what to do with the tub I left it on the table in the middle of the room, and ensconcing myself in the corner of an old settle, was soon locked in the embrace of Morpheus. I had slept several hours, when I was awakened by a sharp voice near me, and rubbing my eyes, beheld, standing before me, with arms kimbo—my mistress—her face expressive of a holy resignation and smothered indignation. I craved pardon on the ground of my journey and fatigue, and being restored to favor, busied myself until dark, when the family retired. I thought I would refresh myself by committing my experience to paper, in the form of a letter to you, and if agreeable to you, will keep you informed of the ups and downs I may have to pass through before I find that for which I am in quest.

I remain yours most respectfully, G. M.

☞ A French paper says that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn the pain subsides immediately. The remedy is cheap and simple, and deserves a trial.

☞ Strongest Bank in the World.—The Bank of Genoa, which has been in existence hundreds of years, has, perhaps, proved itself the strongest institution of the kind in the world. It is a remarkable fact in its history, that its administration has always been as permanent and unchangeable as that of the republic has been agitated and fluctuating. No alteration ever took place in the mode of governing and regulating the affairs of the bank; and two sovereign and independent powers, at war with each other, have been within the walls of the city, without producing the slightest shock to the bank, or causing it to secrete any of its books or treasures.

☞ Grant's Answer.—A brother of General Grant, who recently visited the general at his headquarters, asked him, "Ulysses, how many men have you?" "I have a good many!" replied the wise man.

☞ Washington Surrounded.—A Providence newsboy the other day was yelling out: "Washington tirely 'srounded!" "What," said a gentleman, "is Washington surrounded by?" "Forts," answered the youth, as he dashed away.

MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

"We must really have a civility-dinner next week. There are the—" here my wife enumerated some half-dozen or so of acquaintances, who had not ripened into intimates—"to whom we are in debt."

"Then let us settle the score as soon as possible," I replied. "Send out your invitations, and give me the number, that I may know what wine to order from Bookay & Baddy."

For I blush to confess that I had no cellar. I had twice attempted to "lay down" wine, but it would keep rising up again with such pertinacity that I gave up the experiment. I believe, however, that though cellarless, I am rather of a hospitable disposition, and like playing host, so that I spoke with a cheerful accent, which rather aggravated my spouse.

"Ah," she said, and with perfect truth, "it is easy enough to order the wine; but if you had before you the task of looking after the collection of the silver, with the bother, and anxiety, and responsibility which I feel till it is all returned safely, you would not be so pleased at the prospect. Let me see: there is Cousin Mary's dozen of forks and spoons, Mrs. Tomkyns's epergne, Louisa's fish-slice"—and the little woman soon made out a list of the friends who were to supply us with the silver requisite to make our table sufficiently imposing in the eyes of comparative strangers.

For on ordinary occasions we ate off, sipped out of, and stirred with electroplate. With the exception of a few bachelor tea-spoons, and a tobacco-box bearing an inscription which tended to perpetuate the remembrance of the grace and dexterity with which a certain undergraduate was once wont to handle an oar, there was not an article of silver in the house. It is true that our tea-pot has hitherto always borne the credit of being genuine, but that was owing to a ruse of mine; for, learning at an early period of hymeneal initiation that plated tea-pots were distinguished by the thickness of their nozzles, I had ours fitted with a silver spout, and *did* the gossips.

We were not wealthy or titled, it is true; but most people with our income and position have some little property sunk in precious stones and metals; while I do not believe that the most enterprising pawnbroker would have advanced twenty pounds upon our united stock of rings, brooches, chains, watches, and other trinkets. We were married with the joyous approbation of our respective relations, yet our wedding-presents were not so handsome as those often bestowed by them upon comparative strangers on like occasions, but ran mostly to Illustrated Byrons, papier-mache knives, and cut-glass butter-coolers. Our children had been godfathered and godmothered in a genteel and Christian manner, yet their little mugs were made of delf, not silver. The fact was, that no one cared to give us, nor did we feel inclined to buy, either plate or jewelry, because at most it was only five to one against my wife being heiress to about the largest collection of gold and silver articles, and, above all, of emeralds and diamonds, possessed by any private individual in England. In a word, she was the favorite niece, and the promised inheritrix, of Sir Peter Sparkles.

An astrologer who once cast Sir Peter's horoscope, said that he was born when the Gemini were in conjunction with Aquarius, which accounts, perhaps, for his instinctive perception of the fineness of the water of precious stones, and the mania he had for their acquisition. This taste, which in very early life had been comparatively harmless, had become developed and fostered by an accidental opportunity which occurred to him, while serving against Tippoo, in India, of purchasing looted jewels of inestimable value for a hundred pounds or so; and having thus formed the nucleus of a collection, he devoted the remainder of his life, his own considerable fortune, and that of the two wives whom (from virtuoso reasons, principally) he had at different times married, to its increase and enrichment; so that at the age of seventy-five he was a childless, solitary old man, with an annuity, which he had taken the precaution to purchase, of two hundred a year for his sole support, but with plate which might have furnished the mess-table of a volunteer regiment officered by the Rothschilds, Barings, Childs, and Couttses, and jewels enough to set a couple of monarchs up in regalia, all in an iron-bound fire-proof closet at the back of his bed.

While he was somewhat like other men before he had secluded himself from his fellow-creatures, and spent his last ten thousand pounds upon a sapphire which had caused two wars, and three coups-d'etat, he had taken a great fancy to the daughter of his favorite sister, who had died under somewhat affecting circumstances, had had the child to stay with him on several occasions, and had spoken of her as holding a most prominent position in his will. Better still; when that little girl grew up, and married the present writer, she received a letter from her crotchety uncle on her wedding morning, apologizing for not sending her some little ornament, on the plea that it would "spoil the collection," but consoling her with the promise, that it should all be hers one day; and so we contented ourselves with mother-of pearl studs, ivory brooches, and silken watch-guards; our fingers and ears were, with one unavoidable exception, ringless; and our plate was all make-believe, pending the time when we should make our selection from Sir Peter Sparkles's boards, prior to converting the bulk into three-per-cent. annuities.

Our chance of inheriting was certainly a good one, but not so hollow a thing as it might appear at first sight. There were four other competitors entered besides my wife, all of whom were "well in," and doubtless each stable thought the chances of its own horse were the best.

First, Paul Sneezinski, the son of Sir Peter Sparkles's first wife by a former marriage. This young man had a sort of moral right to the magnificent head-dress and stomacher of brilliants, which had belonged to his Polish mother; and Sir Peter had, in writing, admitted the claim.

Secondly, Don Esteban de Santiago, a South American gentleman, had certainly been disappointed of inheriting a number of emeralds of rare size and water, which would probably have come into his possession, had not his foolish old aunt been caught by the attentions and title (the value of which she somewhat over-estimated) of the English baronet; and as the Don had refrained from even attempting to pistol or stiletto the intruding uncle, that gentleman had felt the extent of his obligations towards him, and had promised that he too should find himself all the better for his forbearance when that death befell which he had refrained from anticipating.

Thirdly, Lord Montechristo, a rival collector of rare jewels, had once proposed to Sir Peter Sparkles that the one who died first should leave his stock to the survivor, and so, at all events, delay the dispersion of the gems, which it had taken so much time, labor and expense to gather together; and Sir Peter had seemed pleased by the idea, though he would not positively pledge himself to the arrangement.

Fourthly, Heziah Buggins, Sir Peter's housekeeper, was supposed to make him very comfortable, and to be an artful, designing woman. She certainly had done her best of late years to prevent the old man's relatives from obtaining an interview with him; but that might have been in deference to his express orders. However that might be, her chance was considered a good one, and she was quite a favorite (in the dialect of the betting-ring, mind you, and by no means in any affectionate sense of the term) amongst those who watched the event with interest.

Four to one on the field would have been very safe betting, for we were all "dark horses;" and though we were standing, figuratively, cap in hand, round the old man's jewel-closet, it would have puzzled Admiral de Roos himself to have handi-capped us.

This was the state of the odds and latest news at the (chimney) Corner on the morning when my wife was reckoning up all the friends whose silver she could borrow; but while she was absorbed in her calculations, the post came in, and a black-bordered letter was placed in my hands, which quite dispersed all her plans.

"I do not know any one who has fish-knives," she was saying at the moment I opened it, "which is a pity, for I like the fashion vastly. Do you think you could hire any?"

"It will not be necessary to do so now," I rejoined, "nor will you be able ever to borrow plate again, for we shall either have a superfluity, or be left without excuse for not providing ourselves with what is needful from our own resources."

"What! Uncle Peter?"

"Is dead."

"Poor old man!"

But when a man is very old and very cracked, and one has not seen him for years, one cannot feel inconsolably grieved at his decease, even if he be one's mother's brother, especially while uncertain whether he has left one anything. My wife is not a humbug, so she did not cry, but turned very pale, and the next thing she said was: "Now we shall know!"

All the horses came to the post, or rather, to drop the sporting metaphor which struck me so whimsically at the time, that I am unable to help introducing it while telling my story, all five expectants were at the funeral. Paul Sneezinski and Don Esteban, who were in England with a view to urging their respective claims upon the old man (whom their agents had represented as declining rapidly), but who had been foiled in their attempts to gain access to him; Lord Montechristo—who had left *his* jewels to the other, and felt that he had a right to count upon reciprocity—and myself, were all present by special invitation; Mrs. Buggins was in the house *ex officio*.

What a demoralizing thing that greediness *is*; the solemnity of death, the hope of immortality, the thought that the poor body which we were hiding away in the earth was but the other day living, talking, planning as we then were, and that in a few short years, at furthest, we should be helpless, senseless, dark like *it*; the moral lesson taught by the little good the dead man had derived from his hoarded treasures, seeing that a penny given to a beggar (*last*, we are told) would be of more value to him now than the Koh-i-nur—to all this we were deaf and blind; the one thought which dinned in our ears, and swam before our eyes was, who will inherit? I felt it myself, and I saw it in the eyes, and especially in the lips, of my companions, *that* was our only thought. We returned to the house, and gathered in the sitting-room; the lawyer opened the will. I wonder whether the principal end and aim of all legal documents is to spoil as much parchment as possible before coming to the point; if so, they are marvellously successful, and the present will was a masterpiece; at last the name Montechristo surged out of a sea of words, and this is an abridgement of what followed: "I know that there was a sort of understanding between Lord Montechristo and myself that the one who died first should leave his collection to the survivor, and this I at one time fully intended to adhere to; but the serious considerations upon death and responsibility called up by the making of my will, and putting down in black and white what I desired might be done when I was no more, together with a chapter in the Bible, upon which I accidentally lit, about a man who hid his talent in a napkin, diverted me from an act of so great injustice; and if Lord Montechristo has fulfilled his part of the proposed agreement, to which, however, he must remember that I never absolutely pledged myself, I can only beg his forgiveness."

Lord Montechristo turned scarlet.

"Forgiveness!" he cried. "Why, it is a breach of contract, a swindle, an attempt to obtain money under false pretences; why, I have left him, on my side, every diamond, every—"

"Pardon me, my lord," said the lawyer; "this outburst is hardly opportune. If you have any legal remedy, bring it forward afterwards; if not, remember that it is hardly reasonable to expect the present company to sympathize with your disappointment."

He was right: we were delighted; one horse was out of the race, and the odds were a point less against each of the remainder. The reading of the will was continued.

"I feel that Paul Sneezinski ought to have his mother's jewels; but I neither like the idea of any property which has once belonged to an Englishman going out of the country, except for value received, nor can I bear to break up the collection with my own hand. If my heir likes to make them over to him, or to compensate him in any other way, she is free to do so."

It was evidently Paul Sneezinski's first impulse to tear his hair and use bad language, but he remembered that some one had to be conciliated, and restrained himself.

"The same remarks apply to Don Esteban de Santiago, though, of course, his claims to compensation are infinitely inferior to those of the Pole."

Don Esteban smiled bitterly, bowed elegantly, drew himself up to his full height, and commenced twirling his moustaches.

The race now lay between Heziah Buggins and myself. I do not know how I looked, but my heart beat at a tremendous pace, and there was a look of insolent triumph in the full and rosy (not to say "bloated") face of my opponent, which made me fear the worst.

"To my housekeeper, Heziah Buggins—"

"Yes, sir, that's me; go on quick, please!"

"I bequeath all that she had robbed me of during the years that she has been in my service, so that now she can with truth call herself an honest woman; may she remain so! For any disappointment she may now feel, she may thank herself; her system of intimidation drove me to deceive her. She must have feathered her nest comfortably; let her be content. Finally, to my niece—"

In short, I was left sole heir. All the gold, silver, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, &c., were bequeathed to me. I say "to me," because husband and wife are one, more especially in the case of property accruing to the latter.

I sent off at once for my wife, according to agreement; and considering the great value of the property, and the public attention which had been drawn to that fact, and all the other singular circumstances of the case, I applied to the authorities for a policeman to remain in the house until I could get the will proved, and the valuables removed; and I determined not to leave myself before I could take them with me. So I sat up all night in the room in which the old man had lived and died, with a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey on the table, a bright fire, and a simmering kettle on the hearth, and a document which had been folded up with the will in my hand. I had had the bed removed, and the door of the iron closet could be seen from where I sat. My wife, more philosophical or weary than myself, slept on a sofa in the adjoining drawing-room; the policeman was in the dining-room down stairs. Altogether, considering the watch that was kept, and the fact of the house being in a row in a frequented quarter, I felt that my property was pretty safe.

The difficulty threatened to lie in getting at it, for the paper which had been tied up with the will, and which was in Sir Peter's own handwriting, ran thus: "The person who opens the jewel-closet must be careful, or he will inevitably be shot. I have always had a great taste for mechanical contrivances, and some skill in locksmiths' work; and for the last ten years I have devoted all my time and ingenuity to the perfection of an apparatus so fixed within the closet that the outward movement of the door for a space of more than two inches should cause six pistol-barrels to explode simultaneously: one upwards, one downwards, two laterally, and two straight to the front. The iron rod which connects the door with the trigger, any pressure upon which will fire the machine, was to have been raised, and so rendered harmless, by pulling a wire, the end of which I intended to hang on a nail just inside the left top corner of the door, and easily got at when the door was opened *one inch*, thus leaving a margin of an inch for the benefit of burglers, as, unless the door revolves on its hinges two full inches, it is utterly impossible that the barrels should go off. My later years have been rendered wretched by perpetual fear of robbers. The infirmities of age crept upon me; I felt myself growing weaker and weaker; I could not trust my servant; and it was with feelings of delight and triumph that, not quite a year ago, I completed a work which had cost me so much time and labor, and which a skilled blacksmith could have done for me in a few days, had I known one whom I dared to trust. I arranged the apparatus, and quietly closed the door until, when there was only the exact gap of two inches left, I heard the iron rod click into its place. I was standing on a chair with the end of the wire, which when pulled would render the instrument harmless, in my hand, and I now proceeded to hitch it by a loop which I had twisted in the further end on to the appointed nail. At that moment, some one came to the door of the room; I started, and dropped the wire, which sprang into the interior of the closet, and rattled down on the gold and silver dishes."

"It is nine months and four days since I have seen my treasures. My diamonds, that a prince might covet; my emeralds, that have sparkled in the sword-hilt of the warrior; my goblets, carved by Benvenuto Cellini; my loves, my children, to enjoy which, perpetually and undisturbed, I have separated myself from my kind, and become a sort of Mammon hermit, are there, separated from me by a mere plank, and I cannot see them, cannot gloat over their glittering beauties, cannot touch them, cleanse them, polish them!"

There was a good deal more: the poor old man had evidently thought of sending for his niece and myself to take care of him and his treasures, while he intrusted some workman with the task of extracting them for him, but determined to wait until he was worse or better before he took this step. He lamented his illness and weakness, and moralised a bit, taking himself for a text. But there was nothing new or original about the composition, and I do not think that it would be generally interesting *in extenso*. The details which I have extracted were excessively interesting to my wife and self, though; and when I was fully entitled to take possession, I sent for a clever locksmith, a lawyer, and a detective—the last I thought might be useful in suggesting plans for the avoidance of danger—and held a grand consultation upon how to crack our nut and get at the kernel.

My confidence in the detective was not misplaced; he listened to all our ingenious devices in judicial silence, and when we had quite done, said: "Would it not be simpler to break in at the back of the cupboard?"

Of course it would; we all saw that now. It was the old story of the leather portmanteau, which can be ripped up with a penknife, secured by a Bramah lock of labyrinthine intricacy. On examination, we found that the closet was built against the partition-wall, so that the back could not be got at without going into the next house. So the next inquiry was, who lived there? A city clerk and his wife, we soon learned; young people who had been there about a month, and were not likely, one would hope, to prove cantankerous. The police officer offered to "square it," as he said, with them, and having done so in a remarkably short space of time, we proceeded to the next house, leaving one of the party behind to guide us by knocking against the wall to the right spot for commencing operations. We soon found it; it was in a bedroom, the nuptial-chamber, unfortunately, but that had already been perceived and considered in the compensation. Quickly was the bright fresh paper torn from the wall, and easily did the locksmith and a workman whom he had called to his assistance effect an entrance. Too easily, alas! for some thief had caught the same idea as the detective; and when we gained admittance into the closet, we found a complicated arrangement of pistol-barrels, but nothing else—not a brilliant, not a ruby, not an ounce of gold or silver.

I investigated, I inquired, I threw much good money after the bad. The present tenants were proved to be innocent; the former ones could not be traced; and to this day, no one knows who the very dark horse was that actually carried off the plate.

The Negro and his Rations.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has a correspondent who has somehow got hold of a cotton plantation, and is farming it with negro "help." His stories about the negroes are often amusing. Here is one of them:

Though he may be working for liberal cash wages, and clearly understands that all extra rations drawn by him will be deducted from his wages, yet, if permitted to do so, he will draw two or three times as much as is necessary, eat as much as is possible to devour of them, and always waste what he cannot eat. I take much pains to learn my employees to save their money for future needs, but if permitted to do so, the majority would eat up the twenty dollars per month regularly. I experimented with the oldest man employed by me, allowing to draw *ad libitum* for two weeks. He took fifty-one pounds of pork, and everything else in proportion, and presented himself again to draw at the regular interval. Yet he had no one to feed but himself, and declared he had nothing left for supper!

The more intelligent negroes support themselves and families of three, four and five souls, upon five or six dollars' worth of pork, flour, beans, salt, vinegar, &c., per month. Meal and fresh meats cost them nothing. All rations are furnished them strictly at cost prices. Thus improvidence is one of the most serious hindrances to the advancement and eleration of the negro.

Apropos to this subject, I must tell a joke at the expense of good friend Colonel John Groesbeck, late of the Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry. In the advance on Corinth, the Colonel (being then in command of the since famous Ohio brigade) issued an order to his command to put in their haversacks three days' cooked rations. The projected operations being subsequently postponed or changed, the Colonel directed the ration order to be countermanded. His Teutonic messenger made the rounds of the camp in person, late at night, proclaiming that "Colonel Groesbeck ordered his men to eat up their three days' cooked rations!" The ridiculousness of the messenger's rendering of the Colonel's order struck everybody, and the boys solemnly got up from their beds and sat down to "obey orders."

Soon the camps were alive with fun rampant. Messes sent to "report progress, had got to the middle of the second day, or third day's breakfast," &c. Some begged an extension of the order, some an extension of time. One was full to the throat, and had a day and a half's rations left. What should he do? And so through all the changes possible. The Colonel and the Ohio Brigade, which loves him, will never forget the famous order to "eat the three days' cooked rations."

My darkies could have obeyed literally, and would readily have enlisted for the war in the Colonel's command if they had been assured of the frequent issue of the same order.

How to Make a Bonnet.—What is an easier task for a young lady, who possesses taste and neat fingers, than to employ them occasionally in fabricating her own summer bonnets? Be careful to procure a well and closely-fitting shape, with a soft crown; then proceed to sew some small transparent glass beads over white tulle, spangling it well over with them. With the tulle thus ornamented cover the front of the bonnet shape with narrow puffings, which run across from side to side of the bonnet; then do the same on the crown, only carrying the puffings down instead of across it. Upon the crown arrange thickly together several sprays of lillies of the valley, with the long soft natural leaves which are now so greatly in vogue, and *underneath* the last puffing and the flowers which hang over it place one loop and one end of white ribbon. The cap at the top is formed with short sprays of lilies, sewn to the edge of the bonnet, while at the sides there is but one row of tulle, which is not quilled but doubled, run together, and then passed over a round stick made for the purpose (the finger is occasionally substituted when such a stick is not at hand.) White tulle strings dotted with white beads are added over white silk ones; the beads, which have the effect of dew-drops, look brilliant upon these dressy little bonnets.

Remarkable Story of a Robin.—The Wilmington (Del.) Republican relates the following incident:—"A few days ago Mr. Stephen S. Pierce, of the Fifth ward, determined to give the robin, which he had kept in a cage about four years, its liberty. With this view, he took the bird to the highland, near the residence of Dr. Norris, and let it go. It first flew to a tree, then took a sweep some distance, returning near the place he was sitting, and hovered around him, as if unwilling to quit his presence. After remaining some time, Mr. P. returned home, leaving the bird behind. Anxious to know whether it had departed, he went out about two hours afterwards, and was astonished to see his former pet remaining near. Mr. P. had taken some food in a small cup, and placing it upon the ground, saw it come and partake freely. Lingering an hour or more, Mr. P. retraced his steps homewards, when the bird at once followed him, flying against his person repeatedly, particularly about his feet, seemingly in great distress. Surprised at this, Mr. Pierce picked up the bird and returned it to its cage, when it at once exhibited great joy."

Rebel Opinion of Gen. Banks.—The editor of the Cairo News has been furnished with a copy of the Mobile Evening News of May 30, which contains the following remarkable order, which has not yet been published in the Northern papers:—

Adjutant's and Inspector-General's Office, Richmond, May 21, 1864.—*Special Order No. 234.*—"Owing to the inestimable service rendered to the Confederate states by Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, U. S. A., all officers and men in the service of the Confederate states are hereby prohibited from harming a hair of his head, and are specially ordered, under all circumstances, to allow him to escape.

"By order, S. Cooper,
"Adjutant and Inspector-General."

☞ A contemporary mentions the arrest of a woman in the street with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype." Rather a poetic and picturesque costume for the metropolis!

LATEST NEWS.

General Grant has commenced active operations at Petersburg. At half-past four o'clock on Saturday morning, the mine under the rebel fort in front of the Ninth Corps was exploded. The Ninth Corps immediately charged the works, driving the enemy to their second line, and taking a number of prisoners. The latter say that they were taken completely by surprise, the most of the men of the fort being asleep. There were sixteen guns in the fort. Upon the explosion 120 of our guns opened upon the rebel fortifications. The latest despatch says that we have possession of the entire first line of rebel works, and the firing was still going on.

General Hancock's expedition north of the James River was discovered by Lee, who immediately rushed troops to the defence of the threatened points. During the night of the 27th the rebels were engaged in strengthening their works, which were found too strong to be attacked.

Gen. Merritt's brigade of cavalry, which had driven back Hampton's Legion on the central road to Richmond, was attacked on the morning of the 28th by three brigades of infantry, and retired sullenly until reinforced by Gen. Devins's brigade. Then the cavalry charged on the rebel infantry, which fled in confusion, leaving dead and wounded on the field. Two regimental colors and 100 prisoners were captured. Our loss during the day was about 200. Gen. Kautz's division took possession of Malvern Hill during the morning. At last accounts Gen. Hancock had his lines formed for the purpose of repelling an expected attack of the rebels.

The rebels who have been hovering about the Potomac have come into Pennsylvania. A cavalry force entered Chambersburg about three o'clock on Saturday morning. The goods in the stores and other moveable property has been sent away. Gen. Early is reported to have been in command and demanded $500,000 from the citizens of the place. No time was given to raise the money and the centre of the town was fired. Property to the value of $1,000,000 was destroyed. Two hundred and fifty houses were burned. Many families have not only been rendered homeless but lost all their furniture, bedding and clothing. Gen. McCausland is said to have been in command of the rebels when they fired the town. The enemy left suddenly about 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, pursued by Gen. Averill. No information of the result has been received.

Gen. Sherman's army was put in motion on the 28th ult., to accomplish an important movement. The rebels attempted to interrupt it by an attack on the Fifteenth Corps, but were severely repulsed. A dispatch from Washington states that affairs before Atlanta are in a highly satisfactory condition.

☞ A Professional Opinion.—The British Army and Navy Gazette, after reviewing the facts in the late naval fight, says:—"The palm, therefore, of care and skill must be adjudged to Capt. Winslow and his first lieutenant; and it must be a matter of pride to these two officers, confessedly among the most practical and best gunnery officers of the Northern states, to have achieved so important a triumph at such a slight cost to their vessel and crew." This opinion from a professional quarter will make amends for the feeble attempts of other English and French journals to disparage the achievement of the Kearsarge.

☞ Liable to Draft.—All able-bodied persons between 20 and 45 years of age, not exempt by service already rendered, or other causes enumerated in the law, are liable to draft. It is a mistake to suppose that it takes in persons 18 years of age.

☞ A young married lady, travelling a few days since from New York to Syracuse, and suffering from consumption, had been laid carefully on a pillow in the sleeping car by her husband, while her little girl remained by her side. At Little Falls she fell asleep, and the child commenced fanning her, saying, "Mamma is sleeping." A passenger, however, noticed the peculiar whiteness of her lips, and on looking closely at her, discovered that she was dead.

☞ George P. Morris received twenty-five dollars for his song, "Woodman spare that tree," of which millions of copies have been sold, and which has been a tit-bit in the repertoire of every vocalist of note for nearly half a century.

☞ A Queer Young Lady.—There is said to be a young lady, aged sweet eighteen, who belongs to and resides in St. Louis, and who has done nothing but eat and sleep since she was four years old. She is awake seven minutes twice in twenty-four hours, and then talks and eats. A nice wife for a quiet man.

☞ A Domestic Story.—The Lewistown (Me.) Journal has the following: "There are a couple of spinsters in Greene—monomaniacs in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and, as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches the alarming number of 440 cats and kittens!"

☞ A fashionable London widow had her will made by a rich London solicitor, disposing of fifty or sixty thousand pounds. He wooed, won and wedded—a penniless adventuress.

☞ A window falling on the neck of a daughter of Mrs. Maxwell, at Cape Elizabeth, Mass., last Sunday, guillotined her—nearly severing the head from the shoulders.

☞ There was a novel funeral procession in Trenton, New Jersey, recently. The coffin of a child was carried in a hearse, which was followed by carriages in the usual manner, but on the sidewalk, opposite the hearse, walked six or eight young girls dressed in white, with broad blue sashes, their heads covered only by long white veils and wreaths. At an interval, followed a number of boys, of from ten to twelve years of age, each wearing around the neck a scarlet badge. Following these were friends of the deceased.

☞ An editor says sugar has gone up so high as to produce a slight increase in the price of sand.

☞ An engraving appears in a late number of the Paris *Charivari*, in which two men are leaning against a foreign post, pointing to America. One of them is armed with a telescope. "Is the American war ended?" "No—I still see some inhabitants."

☞ "Why is it," said one of our schoolmarms to a young scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

THE NEEDLE.

Bright and busy little thing,
Busy thing and nimble,
Popping through the fabric quick,
Driven by a thimble;

What a pleasant task is thine,
Bravely doing duty,
Carrying the slender thread
For some working beauty!

How obedient to the sharp
Impulse given to thee,
Idleness might lie abashed
If he'd turn and view thee.

Flowers grow around thy point
In profusion, ampler
Than beneath a silver shower—
Witness Mary's sampler!

What a wondrous thing it is,
In its nice frame glowing!
Every shining marvel there
Thine and Mary's doing.

Then all honor unto thee,
Bright, and sharp, and trusty;
Little silver-shuttle, and
May you ne'er grow rusty.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXIV.

AN UNPLEASANT VISIT.

"Set me down at Essex Street."

The request, proffered in a sweet and timid voice, was made by a young lady who had just taken her place in an omnibus. The conductor's gracious response was to shut the door with a desperate bang and call out "hi" to the driver—as a signal that he might go on.

The young lady took the seat on the right next the door, instinctively shrinking from the sea of eyes around. She was too pretty not to be stared at: but that she was essentially a lady and one not very familiar with omnibuses, her motions seemed to be bespeak. Her soft eyelids fell on her flushed cheeks, and the crape veil, pertaining to her handsome mourning, was not raised from before her face; but with all her modest timidity she did not lose that quiet self-possession which rarely forsakes the gentlewoman.

You will be at no loss to guess that it was Sara Davenal. The expedition she was bound upon was one that nothing save obligation could have forced upon her—a visit to Mr. Alfred King. Her note to that gentleman had brought forth another letter from him. It was to the effect that he could not wait longer for the money without the utmost inconvenience, but he would do himself the honor of calling upon her at eleven o'clock the following morning, and discuss the matter in person.

A most unsatisfactory, dismaying communication to Sara. The receiving him in her Aunt Bettina's house was out of all question: for that estimable lady would undoubtedly have insisted upon making a third at the interview. To have the secret brought home to her very hearth would be too fortunate an opportunity to miss acquainting herself with its nature and details, even though she had to draw the information from Mr. Alfred King. Sara saw what must be done, however she might dislike it: and she wrote a hasty word to the gentleman saying that it would not be convenient to receive him in her own house, but she would instead wait upon him in Essex Street. Hence her unwonted omnibus journey.

The omnibus dashed along on its road. It was full, and therefore there was no loitering. Leaving Pimlico behind it, it passed Charing Cross and gained the Strand. There it stopped for somebody to get out, and Sara looked up at an exclamation made by the passenger seated immediately opposite to her, a lady apparently but little older than herself: a quiet, steady, self-possessed girl with a pleasing face and fair hair.

The passing of a gentleman on the pavement close up to which the omnibus was drawn, had apparently caused the exclamation to escape her. His eyes in the same moment caught the fair face bent towards him from the door, and he approached. A bright smile greeted him, and he took her hand and kept it as they spoke together.

"You, Jane!" he exclaimed, and the voice, subdued though it was, bore a laughing sound. "It is about the last place I should have expected to see you in. I thought you and omnibuses were decided foes."

"But I am going a long way this morning; too far to walk," she answered. "We have had a letter from—"

She bent her face lower, and the words became indistinct. The gentleman resumed.

"And you are going to inquire about it? Well, Jane, don't be in a hurry. I'll tell you why another time. Inquire particulars if you like, but fix nothing. The fact is, I have something else in view."

"Of course we'd not fix anything without consulting you," she answered, in her pretty Scotch accent. "When shall you be coming?"

"To-night, most likely. Good bye, Jane. Take care of yourself."

He released her hand; the conductor gave the door a bang, and the omnibus dashed on. Sara had turned white as death. A variety of emotions that she would not have cared to analyze were at conflict within her—for the voice was the voice of Oswald Cray.

And he had gone away, not seeing her. For *that* she was on some accounts thankful. He might have been as much surprised to see her in an omnibus—perhaps more so—as he was the young lady opposite: and least of all to Oswald Cray could Sara have explained the errand on which she was bent. She stole a glance at the girl's interesting face; a good and sensible face; one that might well win the regard of even Oswald Cray; and that baneful plant, jealousy, which perhaps had taken root in her heart before, suddenly shot forth its sharp tendrils into every corner. What right had she, Sara Davenal, to indulge any such passion?—had she not parted from Oswald Cray for ever?

"Did you not ask to be put down at Essex Street?"

The question aroused her from her pain. It came from the same young lady opposite, and Sara looked up with a start.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then we must have passed it, for this that we are going through is Temple Bar, and I know Essex Street is before we come to that. This young lady told you to set her down at Essex Street," she added to the conductor. And the man stopped the omnibus without offering the slightest apology.

"Thank you," said Sara to her, courteously. And she walked away with the pleasant voice ringing in her ears, and the conviction that it must be Jane Allister seating itself in her heart.

She walked slowly down Essex Street, looking out for the offices of Messrs. Jones & Green, and soon found them. It was a large and dusty-looking house, on the right hand side of the street, and was apparently let out to different occupants, as there were various names on the door. The top one was "Mr. Carberry," it was simply written in black letters on the door-post; the second was on a great brass plate nearly as large as the post itself "Jones & Green:" and there was another brass plate, which had on it "Messrs. Knollys, Solicitors to the Great Chwddyn Mining Company."

Sara stood still as the last words caught her eye, like one arrested by surprise. It was not the unpronounceable name that drew her attention; but the fact that this Great Chwddyn scheme was the very one in which Mark Cray had embarked; the El Dorado of his friend Barker; the source of Mark's present flourishing prosperity and of his future greatness.

She felt sure it was the same name, though nobody ever wrote it twice alike, and whether this, or any other, might be the correct way of spelling it, the Messrs. Knollys themselves could not have told. Mark Cray and Barker, finding the word rather difficult to the tongue, had got into the habit of calling it the "Great Wheal Bang Company," as being readier than the other: "Wheal Bang" being some technical term connected with the mine; though whether applicable to any particular stratum of its ore, or to the works, or to the mine generally, or to anything else, Sara had never yet clearly understood. "The Great Wheal Bang Mining Company," was the familiar term in Mark's mouth, and in that of others interested in the mine: so prone we are to catch up phrases: and "The Great Wheal Bang" was certainly better for English tongues than the Great Chwddyn with its variety of spelling in uninitiated hands. For once that Sara had heard the difficult name, she had heard the easier one a hundred times: nevertheless, now that her eyes fell upon it, she knew it to be that, and no other.

The fact in itself was not of moment to her, but thought is quick; and the thought that darted across Sara's mind was, that if Messrs. Knollys were the solicitors to this rich and important company, there might possibly be a chance of Mark Cray's or of his friend Barker's calling in at these offices at any moment, in which case they might see her. And that would not be at all convenient.

But there was no help for it. She could but go in; and the chance only added another drop to the cup of pain. Most painful was it to Sara, from more causes than one, to come thus publicly to these places of business: and to come, as may be almost said, in secret; not daring to speak of her real errand.

With her crape veil drawn more closely over her face, if that were possible, she stepped into the passage, in that hesitating manner which betrays distaste or timidity; in some cases, as in hers, both. A door on the left bore on it the words "Messrs. Knollys;" and Sara was looking around her when a young man with a paper in his hand came hastily out of it.

"Did you want Knollys's office?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone, noting her look of indecision.

"I want Messrs. Jones & Green's."

"Up-stairs, first floor."

He leaped out at the door as he spoke, and started up the street as fast as he could go. Sara passed through the inner entrance, which stood open, and ascended the stairs. In great white letters on the door facing her at the top, she read, "Office: Jones & Green." She knocked at the door, and a middle-aged red-faced man, in a seedy suit of black, and white neckerchief opened it.

"I wish to see Mr. Alfred King," she said. "Is he here?"

"Mr. Alfred King?" repeated the man. "He is not here now, and I don't know—Stay, I'll inquire."

Leaving her standing there, he retreated, and she heard a remote colloquy carried on in an undertone. Then he came back again.

"Mr. King won't be here until twelve o'clock."

"I had an appointment with him at eleven," said Sara, wondering whether there could be any mistake.

"Perhaps so," said the man. "But he dropped us a line this morning to say he could not get here till twelve. I dare say if you come then you can see him."

He shut the door, and Sara went down-stairs again. What should she do with herself this long hour—for it was not quite eleven yet. Suddenly she bethought herself that she would go to see Watton. St. Paul's Churchyard, as Watton had told them—for she had paid Miss Davenal and Sara two or three visits since their arrival in London—was in a line with Temple Bar.

Sara walked quickly through the crowded streets. Once she stopped to look in at an attractive shop, but somebody came jostling against her, she thought purposely, and she did not stop again. She easily found the house of business where Watton now was, and its private door. Watton herself came to it, and lifted up her hands in surprise.

"Well I declare, Miss Sara! I thought it was the cook, who had to step out for something that was forgotten; and the other maid's up in the bed-rooms. Do pray come in, miss! How kind it is of you to come here to see me!"

Sara did not think she had much time to go in, but Watton was urgent. She led her into a plain, comfortable sitting-room, which was her own, she said. Sara inquired if she liked the situation any better; for at first Watton had not liked it.

"Well, yes, miss, I think I do. Use and time soften most things. There's a great deal of responsibility on me, and enough work also. What I can't get reconciled to is the dust and the noise. As to the dust and dirt, I'd never have believed in it without seeing it. Being in mourning for my late master I have not worn white caps yet, and don't believe I ever can wear them: I'm sure I might put on three a week, and not be clean. Sometimes I wash my hands four times in a morning."

"Then think what it is for my Aunt Bettina, with her delicate hands and her delicate face," returned Sara. "I suppose the dirt is not quite so bad with us as it is here; but it seems as if nothing could be worse, and my aunt makes it a perpetual grievance. Shall you remain here, Watton?"

"I have made up my mind to try it for a twelve-month, Miss Sara," was the answer. "It's too good a situation to be given up lightly; and it shall have a fair trial. I miss my country life; I miss the green fields and the gossiping neighbors at Hallingham; often times I wake from a dream, thinking I'm there, and then I am fit to cry with the disappointment. I fear the pleasant old times have gone away from me for ever."

"They go away from us all, Watton," was the murmured answer. "Never to return again."

"You will send the two young gentlemen to see me, Miss Sara," said Watton, as she was showing her out. "Perhaps they'd honor me by drinking tea here once or twice in the course of their holidays. My evenings are my own. Master Dick should eat as much jam as he'd like. I'd get in half a dozen pots assorted."

Sara could not forbear a smile; Dick would have gone to the other end of the kingdom for half a dozen pots of assorted jam; but it changed to gravity as she turned to Watton.

"Watton, do you know I have been so great a coward as not to ask my aunt decisively whether she intends to have them up for the holidays. I very much fear she does not; I feel sure she does not; and therefore I shrink from asking, lest the fear should be made a certainty."

"Poor boys!" ejaculated Watton. "Well, of course it's all very different from what it was. Ah, Miss Sara! there are too many will find cause to miss the good Dr. Davenal!"

With the rebellious sorrow, called up by the words, rising in her heart, Sara walked along the hot and bustling streets again. It was a little past twelve when she reached Essex street, and in going up the stairs she happened to turn her head, and saw, stepping quickly in at the outer door, Oswald Cray. She hoped he had not seen her; she thought he had not; and she hastened on, her pulses beating. What strange coincidence could have brought him there?

Mr. Alfred King had arrived. Sara was shown through a busy room into a smaller one, long and narrow, apparently partitioned off from a third room, which she did not see. The room contained a couple of chairs, a table-desk, and a slender, dandy sort of gentleman; nothing more. He was leaning against the table, doing something to his nails with a pen-knife, an eye-glass in his eye, and a black moustache with rings at its ends curling on his lip.

"Mr. Alfred King?" she said, interrogatively, for there had been no introduction.

Mr. Alfred King bowed. He removed his hat, which he had been wearing, shut up the pen-knife with a flourish of his thin white hands, courteously stepped forward, and was altogether the gentleman again.

"Miss Sara Davenal, I presume?"

How Sara entered on her task, she never knew. Its nature made her feel sadly confused and diffident, as if all self-possession had gone out of her. Whatever her brother's crime might have been, she assumed that the gentleman before her had cognizance of it; and it rendered her miserably conscious in that first moment. Very much embarrassed, and, aware that she was so, she apologised for the delay in the payment of the money, stated that she expected it daily, and begged of Mr. King to be kind enough to wait a little longer. Just what she had stated in her letter; in fact she had nothing else to urge.

"I am exceedingly sorry to put you to the inconvenience of coming here, Miss Davenal," he said, in a courteous but drawling tone. "It is reversing the general order of things. I should have been better pleased to wait upon you."

"But I could not make it convenient to receive you," replied Sara. "The truth is," she added, in her candor, "that my aunt, Miss Bettina Davenal, with whom I live, was not made cognizant of this business; and it was my father's, Dr. Davenal's, wish that she should not be."

"Ah,—I see," observed Mr. Alfred King, in the same drawling tone that spoke so unpleasantly of affectation, of something not *true* in his nature. "Still I feel horribly annoyed at causing you the trouble of coming here, Miss Davenal."

"Will you be so kind as to tell me the object of the interview?" she said. "For what purpose did you wish to see me?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. The fact is, Miss Davenal, some positive understanding must be come to, as to the precise time when the money will be paid. You cannot imagine the inconvenience the delay has put me to, and but for the respect I once bore Captain Davenal, I would not have remained so passive as I have done."

There was a pointed stress on the word "once" that recalled the blush into Sara's cheeks, the dread to her heart. She murmured a hope that the money would be realized, and paid to him, ere the elapse of many days.

"You see, Miss Davenal, had the money no ulterior destination, it would not be of so much consequence," he resumed. "Were it due to myself only I would wait with the greatest pleasure, no matter of what inconvenience; but that is not the case: it is these other parties who will not be pacified. Do you comprehend me, Miss Davenal?"

"Yes, I think so," said Sara, faintly, beginning to fear the affair was more complicated than she had thought. "Who are the parties?"

Mr. Alfred King ran his white hand, and a showy ring that was on it, right through his black hair.

"Well—I would tell you if I could, Miss Davenal; in anything that concerns myself only, you may command me as you please; but the fact is, I am not at liberty to mention the names of those parties even to you."

There was a pause, and Sara's manner for the moment grew haughtily distant. She liked his words less and less. But she recollected herself; she subdued her proud spirit. Was not Edward in his power?

"These parties have been angry at the delay," he resumed, breaking the silence that had ensued. "They have badgered the life nearly out of me over it; excuse the term, Miss Davenal, it but expresses the fact. I assure you I have had a most difficult task to keep them from proceeding to extremities. And, in short, they won't be put off longer."

"From extremities?" she repeated, the one ominous word alone catching her ear.

Mr. Alfred King looked at her, not speaking. His gaze seemed to ask her how much she knew. She did not respond to it.

"Were this unfortunate matter made public, nothing could save Captain Davenal," he resumed in a low tone. "He is now in India, in apparent safety, but—in short, it would only be a question of time, two or three months or so. Men are brought from the ends of the world now to answer for—for crime."

Subdued as was his voice, Sara looked around in terror. That partition, if nothing more than a partition, was probably a shallow one, allowing sound to pass beyond it.

"Be at ease," he said, detecting her fear. "We are quite alone."

"Partitions are sometimes so thin!"

"Not that one. It has been made ear-tight—is there such a word? It would never do for men to transact private business where they might be overheard. You may rely on my assurance, Miss Davenal, that our voices cannot reach beyond this room. If I dropped mine it was from quite a different motive—delicacy of feeling towards Captain Davenal."

Sara believed the assurance so far, and grew easier.

"Do you know Captain Davenal?" she asked.

"Very well indeed. He and I were at one time sworn friends, constantly together. Until this unhappy affair arose to part us."

Perhaps she would have liked to ask the particulars that she did not know. But her whole heart revolted from it; it would have seemed like *acknowledging* Edward's crime.

"You see, his being in India is only a temporary safeguard, and these parties who hold his safety in their hands might bring him home if they chose. It is only in compliance with my urgent entreaties that they have kept passive so long. But the delay is extending itself beyond all reason, and they—in short, Miss Davenal, they will not wait longer."

"But what can I do?" she urged in her helplessness. "I admit that the delay is vexatious—heaven knows *I* have felt it so," she added, with a burst of feeling that would not be suppressed—"but the money *is there*: it will very shortly be forthcoming, and then it will be paid."

"Yes, I have pointed out all this to them," he said, flicking a speck of dirt off his coat. "I—I suppose there is no foreign delay or obstruction, beyond the delay caused by realizing the different monies?"

His suddenly penetrating glance at her, the hidden earnestness of his tone, told Sara that this was a question of importance to him. It was nearly the only point throughout the interview which had not borne to her ear and eye a vague and indefinite idea of something untruthful; untruthful in himself, his voice, and his words. Possibly he had sought the personal interview with the sole view of ascertaining this solitary fact. An impression that it was so, passed rapidly through her mind.

"Let me thoroughly understand you," she said, following her own thoughts rather than his words. "Tell me without reserve exactly what it is you wish to know, and I will answer you to the best of my power. There is no other cause for the delay except that the monies have not been realized so quickly as they ought to have been; no other cause whatever? Were you thinking that there was?"

"I?" and again the false, drawling tone grated harshly on her ear. "Not I, I assure you, Miss Davenal. Those parties, of whom I spoke, hinted to me that with all this delay it looked as if there were no intention to pay the money. Of course I knew that it was nothing of the sort; that the money *must* be paid."

"The very day that the money reaches me it will be paid to you, according to the instructions of my father, Dr. Davenal," she said impressively. "I beg you to believe this: and to convey the assurance of it to them."

"I will do so. How much longer do you suppose the delay will extend? Can you fix any definite date for the payment?"

"I wish I could. But you see it does not rest with me. A very, very short period now will, I believe, see it settled."

Mr. Alfred King mused. "I will inform them of what you say, Miss Davenal, and I do trust the period may be a short one. If protracted, I cannot answer that they would remain passive."

"They must be cruel men, to wish to harm Captain Davenal!"

"No," he answered. "Had they been cruel men they would not have consented not to harm him. It is not that, Miss Davenal; it is the money itself that is wanted: and the delay vexes them."

She was feeling desperate, and she ventured on a bold step. "In their own interest, then, they must be cautious not to harm him. Were they to do so, they would lose the money."

"Why?"

"Because I would never pay it."

Mr. Alfred King glanced at her in surprise. All her timid hesitation of manner was gone, the expression of her face had changed to resolute bravery. "I do not pretend to entire acquaintance with the details of this unhappy business, but I understand so much, Mr. King—that this money *purchases* my brother's safety. If that be imperilled, the bargain would be forfeited, and the money retained. The payment or non-payment of this money rests solely with me; and I should not keep faith with the other parties if they did not keep theirs with my dead father."

"There will be no question of their not keeping faith, provided they get their rights, Miss Davenal."

"And their rights—if you mean the money—they shall have; I trust speedily. I shall be only too glad to get the matter over."

"I'm sure I shall be," returned Mr. King, in a tone that was certainly a hearty one. "It will be well for all parties: very well for Captain Davenal."

Sara turned to the door. Mr. Alfred King took up his hat for the purpose of attending her outside.

"I am glad that you have allowed me this interview, Miss Davenal. It will be so much more satisfactory to these gentlemen now that I have seen you. Dr. Davenal's death occurring as it did, was most unfortunate. By the way, did he not leave some papers behind him?"

"There are papers in my possession relating to this affair," she answered. "I know what to do with them when the proper time shall come."

"Ah, yes, of course; doubtless," came the untrue words in their untrue tone. "Then I may rely on the very speedy receipt of this money, Miss Davenal?"

"You may rely upon having it immediately that it is paid to me. That is all, I presume, sir?"

Mr. Alfred King could not say that was not all. He gallantly offered his arm to pilot her through the busy office of Messrs. Jones & Green; but Miss Sara Davenal, with a gesture far more expressive of haughty pride than of gratitude, declined the honor. The interview was leaving a disagreeable impression on her mind, apart from its natural unpleasantness: and perhaps it was unreasonable of her, but she had taken an unconquerable dislike to Mr. Alfred King.

The stairs seemed more busy than the lawyers' room. Men, some of them rather rough-looking ones, were passing up and down. Mr. Alfred King drawled an anathema on the tenant of the second floor, Mr. Carberry. Mr. Carberry had only recently taken the rooms, and he appeared to have no ostensible occupation, save the receiving of a great many visitors and an occasional telegram. The visitors were supposed to be mostly in the sporting line; and during the holding of distant races, the passages and door would be besieged by an eager and noisy crowd. As was the case on this day.

"Three times have we had them scattered by the police," exclaimed Mr. Alfred King, unmistakably in earnest now. "And that pest Carberry—or whatever the fellow's name may be—can't be got rid of for nearly a twelvemonth to come! Knollys's have threatened to indict the landlord for a nuisance: Jones & Green have given him conditional warning to quit; and it's all of no use. The landlord went to Carberry with tears in his eyes, and told him he'd be the ruin of his house, that he'd forgive every farthing of rent already owing if he'd go; but Carberry coolly said he had taken it for a twelvemonth, and he should stop his twelvemonth. Miss Davenal, you cannot! Allow me!"

For Sara had come face to face with this crowd at the street-door, and commenced a struggle with them, they not being polite enough to give way in the least. Mr. Alfred King seized her arm forcibly, with a view of helping her, when she was as forcibly separated from him by an authoritative hand, and found herself on the arm of Mr. Oswald Cray, his face ablaze with haughty anger, as he turned it on Mr. Alfred King.

"Thank you, sir," he said, all the pride of the Oswalds concentrating itself in him then. "This lady is under my charge."

And Mr. Alfred King, with a somewhat subdued manner, as if he had received a check that he did not care to resist, made as polite a bow to Sara as the crowd allowed him, and disappeared from view.

Clear of the assemblage, Sara would have withdrawn her arm, but Oswald Cray held it too tightly. A moment, and he turned his face upon her, a-blaze still.

"What do you do with that man? He is not a fit acquaintance for you."

At first she could not answer. Not so much from the suddenness of the whole thing and the emotion it had brought to her, as because she did not know what explanation to give.

"In going into Knollys's office just now, I thought I saw you making your way up the stairs," he resumed. "I said to myself, that it could not be, but I was unable to get the impression from my mind, and I waited. One of Knollys's clerks said the young lady, gone up, had inquired for Alfred King. What can have taken you to him?"

He was growing somewhat less vehement. It had been a moment to convince him that the love, which he had safely deemed he was subduing, remained with him still in all its force. To rescue her from that undesirable companionship, from contact with the unhallowed crowd of gambling men, he would have parted with his life.

"I was compelled to go," she murmured: "I could not help myself."

"Compelled to go up those stairs? Compelled to pay that man a visit?"

"Yes, I was. It was as distasteful to me as it could be, but I had no resource. I went there on business, which no one but myself could transact. Thank you for your protection, Mr. Oswald Cray."

She withdrew her arm now, and there was no opposition to it. Reason was resuming her seat in Oswald's mind, and he felt angry with himself for his excess of demonstration. All things considered, it had been scarcely wise.

"It is not at all a place for a young lady to go to," he resumed, as he walked by her side, and his manner became cold, even to restraint. "The Knollys are sufficiently respectable, but as much cannot be said for the tenants of the upper part of the house. You must not go to it again, Miss Davenal."

Once again she knew she would have to go to it, but she fervently hoped that would close the matter. She could not tell Oswald Cray the nature of the business that took her there: but perhaps in speaking the next words, a faint hope that he might form some guess at it (knowing, as she believed he did know, the particulars of that unhappy secret) was in her mind and prompted them. Parted though they were, she did care to stand well in the estimation of Oswald Cray: she esteemed him still beyond any one on earth.

"I never saw Mr. Alfred King until this morning; he is no acquaintance of mine, or ever likely to be. But he tells me he was once an intimate friend of my brother Edward's."

Oswald Cray's haughty lip took an additional curl. "He may have been looked upon as a respectable man once; but he lost himself. He is no fit acquaintance for you."

"I could not help myself," she answered, her cheek glowing. "It was necessary that I should see him, and the interview could not be delegated to another."

He made no reply. He kept by her side until they reached the top of Essex street; there he stopped.

"How are you going home, Miss Davenal?"

"In an omnibus."

One for Pimlico was passing at the moment, and Oswald held up his hand. It happened to be nearly empty. He put her in, and followed himself.

But he never spoke to her. If he was sitting there for her protection, as she supposed, in his courteous chivalry, it was only the bare protection that he gave: little friendliness. She could not help contrasting his present manner to her, with the ready cordiality he had shown to that other occupant of the omnibus, earlier in the morning. She did not say that she had seen him.

She supposed he would get out at Parliament street, but the omnibus went by it, and he made no sign. One or two stragglers got in and left again, but they were nearly alone. "He intends to see me safely home," she thought.

Even so. When the omnibus stopped for Sara, he handed her out and walked by her side

as he had done in Essex street. Close at the house, he held out his hand.

"Thank you for your kindness," said Sara. "But I am very sorry you should have troubled yourself to come with me. It must have hindered your day greatly."

"Never mind; I shall catch it up," he answered, looking at his watch. "I do not like to see you in these London streets alone. I cannot forget that Dr. Davenal was once my dear friend, and that you are his daughter."

And dropping her hand, which he had taken in farewell, he turned away at a rapid pace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him one for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart:
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FEVER AT PATCHAM.

Mr. Mainwaring's report of the condition of Patcham Cross Roads was not in the least exaggerated. The long straggling village was at no time in a state that would have won the approbation of the Board of Health; but in ordinary years it got on with only a percentage of ague over and above that which the adjacent hamlets could reckon. The village was a neglected one, and the people poor. There had been Works there once, but nothing remained of them but a tall brick chimney, some sheds, and a quantity of slag and scoria—nothing but these, and such a portion of the floating population as had proved too lazy, too hopeless, or too improvident to follow the receding genius of manufacture to more northern regions. For one or other of these reasons, a number of ragged families, chiefly Irish, remained behind, leading a precarious life, and eking out the scanty wages they picked up in farm-work by as free resort to the rates as the guardians would permit.

Mr. Killick had often groaned over the state of the place, but his influence was smaller than it ought to have been. Neither the villagers nor Mr. West, the nominal squire, would listen to the doctor. Indeed, Mr. West was an embarrassed man, seldom able to spare more than a few pounds to blanket-funds and clothing-clubs, and groaning piteously over even these quasi-compulsory disbursements. It was labor lost to ask such a land-owner as this, most of whose rents were received by a sharp, money-lending firm at Thavies's Inn, for the benefit of mortgages, real or imaginary, to repair houses and set drains to rights. Nor were the cottagers able or willing to execute such improvements at their own charge. They said, as their landlord said, that Mr. Killick was doubtless very right, but that it could not be helped. Then the crash came. Five cases of fever were reported, then seven, and in a few days there were from thirty to forty sufferers under the fang of typhus.

What Mr. Killick had expected, came to pass. The Wests went off, fairly frightened, to the sea-side, at the first outbreak of the pest. Mrs. West, to be sure, left the doctor five pounds towards buying delicacies for the sick, and the squire gave as much for medicines for his poorer tenants; but that was all; they could not stay; and away they went, leaving the surgeon and the vicar, with their hard-working wives, to cheer the panic-stricken, tend the dying, and do what they could for those whose affliction was almost more than they could bear.

In this emergency, Mr. Killick found a very useful auxiliary in his niece, Lydia Crawse. That young lady had for a long while been in a very snappish and irritable frame of mind, on account of the non-performance of Miss Darcy's promises. She had received two letters from the future peeress—soothing, well-worded letters, but still mere words written with ink on paper, not facts. The sixty pounds that Miss Crawse had wrung from Aurelia, and every penny of which had been faithfully transmitted to her mother, now burdened with the maintenance of her two great hungry sons, and clamorous for help, were facts, something hard and tangible. But Miss Crawse was by no means equally sure that Aurelia's smiling assurance, given when the surgeon's niece had paid a second visit to Beechborough Hall, that her brother Tom's case had been pressed on the notice of the Admiralty, and that Lord Lynn had every hope of procuring his speedy nomination to the rank of assistant-paymaster in some ship actually in commission, was also fact. Rear-admiral Wyvil was, as Miss Crawse was aware, high in official position, and could probably secure Thomas Crawse the desired post, and even that speedy promotion at which Miss Darcy hinted. But Miss Crawse grew more and more testy and incredulous as time went on, and Tom and Willie remained in Ball street to share the widow's crust, and could find nothing else to do but to saunter about the docks with their strong red-knuckled hands idly thrust into the pockets of their shabby shooting-coats, yawning over the dreary discussion of their prospects, and in much danger of getting into evil habits and bad company from sheer lack of better things.

Another cause for the impatience with which dark Lydia waited for the price of her secrecy was the fear that the wand wherewith she had hitherto maintained her influence over Aurelia was gradually slipping from her grasp. She had a vague suspicion that her former friend was escaping from the ties, such as they were, that bound her to her *confidante* of other days, and might soon be beyond her reach. Should this brilliant marriage take place before Miss Crawse had received what she deemed her due, who knew whether the debtor might not be borne aloft in the charmed chariot of prosperity, far beyond the power of the baffled creditor! The contest, if such there were, between a peeress of England, rich, honored, strong in her rights and in the world's friendship, and as well able as any living woman to use every one of her advantages without mercy or scruple against her lowly antagonist—the contest between Lady Lynn and Miss Crawse would be a very unequal one. It is true that the ex-companion possessed a weapon, held in reserve as yet, by the aid of which she had been used to believe that she could lay her opponent in the dust as surely as the smooth stone from David's sling brought down the might of Goliath. But to employ this means of victory was to lose its fruits, all save revenge; and revenge, even if Miss Crawse had been much more vindictive than, to do her justice, she was, would be a costly luxury. In ruining her enemy, she ran the risk of being herself crushed. Her hopes of profiting by what she knew, must depend on Aurelia's prudence, not on Aurelia's downfall or disgrace; and a scandal could not benefit Miss Crawse, who had not only her own bread to earn, but the weal of her whole family to strive for.

In fact, Miss Crawse was in the difficulty in which thousands before her have found themselves, anxious to squeeze the sponge, but fearing to drain it dry by hasty handling—eager to secure the golden eggs, but afraid to spoil their harvest by killing the bird outright. She knew not whether it were best to be silent or troublesome, and hence she kept her own nerves perpetually on the stretch. Under these circumstances the outbreak of the fever excited her rather than distressed her. She was a stout-hearted little creature, and loved bustle and turmoil as the war-horse loves the trumpet sound; she was an indefatigable volunteer in nursing the sick, and trudged sturdily about the village, fetching and carrying physics, broth, jelly, arrowroot, wine, anything and everything, and finding time to read, exhort, comfort, or scold, as the exigencies of the case might require. She was very useful and active, and won praise from the vicar and his wife, as well as from her aunt and uncle, which last named relative told her, in so many words, that she "did more good than half his bark and gentian," while he cautioned her not to knock herself up by over exertion; to which Miss Crawse made answer, that it was not natural to her to sit with her hands before her, and that she rather enjoyed the excitement of battling with the pest than otherwise.

The weather grew colder and the fever slackened. There were a good many fresh mounds of withy-bound turf in the church yard, to be sure, and not a few yellow, dim-eyed convalescents tottering feebly about, with the aid of sticks and friendly arms, and who wanted a great deal more port wine and calf's foot jelly than Mr. Killick could coax out of the authorities of the Union. The fever was conquered, and was fast being trodden out and extirpated; and the West's, tired of their sea-side lodgings, had written to their housekeeper to announce their return, when a new case occurred. It occurred in this wise: Miss Crawse, who had worked very hard in the good cause, not from any exalted motives, and certainly not from any mean ones, but because the Killicks worked, and the vicar and Mrs. Pearson worked, and it was her nature to work, began to feel, now the fight was over, how very tired she was. Hurried meals, foul air, deficient sleep, exposure to wet and cold, these are not calculated to strengthen and fortify the constitution, though they may often be faced with impunity, and often are faced, for the sake of the perishing. But Miss Crawse had an unquiet mind, and a conscience that pricked her sometimes, and especially when she lay tossing and restless at night, and she was not so strong as she thought herself.

At any rate, coming back from the Byrnes' cottage, that one of those Irish families that had fared the worst during the fever, and who had still two of the surviving children moaning under a sackcloth quilt, Miss Crawse felt ill—merely a dull weariness and lassitude, not to be wondered at, after all she had done, and a slight, a very slight headache. Miss Crawse dragged herself home, walking in a slow, listless manner. She crawled rather than walked up stairs, and dropped into the old fashioned arm-chair, covered with gaudy, faded chintz, that stood beside her little white bed with its spotless curtains. She was glad to be there, and gave a sigh of relief. Then she untied her bonnet strings, with fingers that were slow and awkward in doing their familiar office, and tossed her bonnet on the bed.

"Tiresome thing! it makes my head ache," said Miss Crawse, passing her short fingers through her braids of coal-black hair, and dragging them back from her temples with the same peevish impatience as her former gesture had betrayed. She sat quite still for a few minutes with her eyes closed, but she was not asleep; her thoughts were busy. She was thinking of Aurelia, who was to be married very soon now; for Time, that never tires, had brought the wedding-day of Lord Lynn and Miss Darcy very near indeed; and no berth under government had yet been found for Tom or for Willie. Aurelia had sent more money and more fair words, but nothing else. And Miss Crawse, in guessing that her ungrateful patroness was reluctant really to urge the claims of the Brothers Crawse, or to show any especial interest in her humble friend, had guessed very nearly the truth. Aurelia was unwilling to give cause to any one, and, above all, to her future husband, to imagine that Miss Crawse had any influence over her, or that her interest in that black-eyed damsel was other than casual and condescending. She preferred to keep her importunate petitioner ungratified until she should be firm in her new station; and then—why, then, if Lydia were still bent on her purpose, Aurelia knew very well that two words from a person as fashionable and sought after as she intended to be, would land two such very small aspirants as the Messieurs Crawse on the shelf of official clerkdom.

It is wonderful how often people would succeed better in this world if they were only a little less selfish. This was a case in point. Had Aurelia felt but a spark of honest affection for her old *confidante* of many a girlish fancy, had she honestly begged Lord Lynn to make it a point with Admiral Wyvil that the next vacancy should be filled by Thomas Crawse, and had she cast about among her friends for some one who could have lifted Willie to the modest eminence of a stool in the Inland Revenue Office, it might have been better for her. Had she even trusted the surgeon's niece on the subject of the recaptured prisoner, now in illegal durance at the hands of Nancy Brown and her ruffianly son, the sequel of her history might have been different. But she did none of these things. She went on boldly on her blind way like the doomed in the dread belief of the fatalist, and owned no guide but her own supposed interest.

It was in a great measure due to this conduct of Aurelia's that Lydia Crawse, sitting like one struck stupid in the great elbow-chair by the bed, pressed her hot hand to her hot brow, and said in sullen soliloquy: "Knock, knock, knock, as if my temples were bursting! This is something new. I never have a headache. I hope I am not going to be ill. Ill!—pshaw! I am a goose. I am only a little tired, that is all."

Only a little tired!—so tired that, after a weak attempt to dress for dinner after such easy fashion as the rule of Mr. Killick's house dictated, she lay down upon the bed, trembling, shuddering, with a heavy head, with pulse that beat fiercely, and a languor that was unsupportable. The maid, coming up to say that dinner waited, and getting no answer to her knock, entered the room, and ran down with a frightened face to report that the young lady did not seem to be well, and lay helpless without speaking. Then Mrs. Killick went up, and came hurrying to fetch her husband, who looked very serious as he took Lydia's wrist between his sunburnt fingers, and noted how terribly accelerated was the pulse.

"She has got the fever, my dear. I thought as much. Get her to bed at once. There, there; don't cry; she'll pull through. Never knew a better constitution in my life," said the doctor, and his sound practical judgment was correct as far as it went; but to minister to a mind diseased was beyond his skill, and he did not even know that his niece had anything on her mind. He was from home most part of the day, and when he came home was prone to rum and water, and such repose as he could snatch with a silk handkerchief over his face; and he thought Lydia a good plain sort of girl, with no nonsense in her disposition. She had got the fever now, sinking as many amateur-nurses do, when the disease has been exorcised out of the bodies of their patients. But Mr. Killick had little fear. The girl would have care and kind treatment, and her constitution was tough, and her courage approved. He knew nothing of her inner life, nothing of her claim upon Aurelia Darcy.

So Miss Crawse lay fever-stricken, but likely to get well. Her aunt was a good nurse, her uncle a shrewd surgeon, and she wanted for nothing. When Mr. Killick, some four-and-twenty hours after Lydia's falling ill, was called away to a distance to attend one of his most valuable patients, old Mrs. Bligh of Boxted House, who had had a second stroke of paralysis, he confided the sufferer in his own dwelling cheerfully to his wife's care.

"It's all plain sailing," he said: "give her the medicine regularly, as it's labelled; keep the room cool, and don't let her drink anything but the toast and water or the linseed tea. If she has a fancy for anything not bad for her—a book or the *Illustrated London News*—don't thwart her. I shall not be back till lunch to-morrow, perhaps not then."

Misled by her husband's words, misled by his tone of easy confidence, and, above all, misled by her niece's quiet, sensible demeanor, Mrs. Killick indulged Miss Crawse by bringing her an unlimited supply of stationery.

"Please give me pen and ink, and plenty of paper, for I should like so to write. It is so stupid, lying idle, and counting the threads in the bed-curtains. I should like to write a good long letter; I'm sure I should be the better for it."

So said Miss Crawse; and unsuspicious Mrs. Killick brought her what she demanded, only stipulating that she should wrap herself up, and avoid catching cold; and then Mrs. Killick went to look after her children, and to see into various matters of domestic economy. Miss Crawse seized the pen, wolfishly, when her aunt's back was turned. She counted out the sheets of paper as a miser counts his gold. She exulted in the doctor's absence, and her own freedom from supervision. Her body was weak, and her hand unsteady, but her mind was clear. All her faculties were concentrated into one absorbing purpose. She stretched out a shaking arm, and drew the table on which the lamp stood nearer to the bed; then she caught up the pen again, and her sloeblack eyes glittered with a dangerous light.

"Let her thank herself for what happens. I owe her nothing, nothing," said she; and she began to write. Her hand trembled, and the characters were ill-formed, but it was touching to see with what great pains and care she did her best to write legibly. She wrote, and wrote, and wrote, concealing the written sheets beneath the bolster of her bed. Then, when at last she heard her aunt's step on the stair, she pushed the writing materials from her and feigned to be asleep. But when the house was hushed, at the dead of the night, Miss Crawse arose, lit a candle by the aid of the weak flickering lamp, and wrote on, stealthily and fast, while the hectic red gathered in her cheeks and the damp gathered on her brow. "By the help of this," she panted out, with a terrible exultation, that contrasted fearfully with her ghastly face—"by the help of this, if I die, she will be forced yet to befriend the dear ones at home. If I die! But, O that my brain may remain clear, that I may tell all!"

As she bent over her work, and as the paper crackled and rustled as she turned over page after page, it was strange to see how hard she fought against physical weakness and mental weariness. Her strong will, second in strength only to that of Aurelia, drove back the mists that began to cloud her fevered brain, it forced her hot hand to guide the pen, and fixed her blood-shot eyes upon the manuscript. Miss Crawse was not a pattern to her sex, but she was very true to the one all-engrossing sentiment that was the pole-star of her life. She, who had never known what love was, who had no philanthrophy about her, had thrown the whole force of her narrow but fiery sole into the passionate attachment she bore to her own immediate kith and kin. We meet with such zealots now and then among women—people who would wrap a world in flames to provide for their own little Maries and Harries, for mother and sister, brother and uncle. Miss Crawse was one of these. She had resolved, at any peril to her own health, then hanging in the balance between death and life, to write a clear and intelligible narrative of those transactions in which she had been Aurelia's ally. Armed with this document she felt assured that her relations, in the event of her dying on her present sick bed, would be able to dictate such terms to the haughty Baroness Lynn as should enable them to rise for ever out of the slough of poverty. And she only hesitated, when the first few sheets were filled up, as to whether she should take time to write a letter of explanation to her mother, or one requesting her uncle, Mr. Killick, carefully to seal up and deliver the papers, should she die without having leisure to forward the packet to Liverpool. But she decided against this precaution as a useless waste of precious time.

"Let me employ the precious hours well, while my memory holds good," she said, resuming her labors. "My mind is full of the past. To-morrow I will write the letter home, ay, and speak to my uncle Killick. To-morrow"——And she wrote on, painfully, anxiously, though her brain and her eyes reeled till she could hardly see the characters traced by the unsteady hand that obeyed her tyrant will. At last she let the pen drop away from between her fingers, making great blots and smears across the page, and even on the counterpane, and fell back with swimming eyes upon the pillows, and there lay, while the candle burned down into its socket, and flickered and sputtered out the dregs of its life, in the gray winter-light of earliest dawn. When the servant girl crept yawning into the chamber, just before the clock struck its eighth stroke, she almost screamed at finding Miss Crawse lying like a dead creature, livid and speechless, with her outspread hands buried in a heap of freshly written manuscript. She ran to fetch her mistress, and Mrs. Killick was as frightened as herself. When the surgeon came back, he found his patient in a high fever, delirious, restless, burning hot, and unable to recognize familiar faces or to speak coherently.

"Upon my word, my dear, you have looked after your niece to some purpose! If the girl dies, you'll know who deserves thanks for it, Mrs. Killick," said the doctor, with a roughness quite unusual to him when speaking to his wife. "Where are those confounded papers she was writing, and what does it all mean?"

"I put them into the table-drawer," sobbed Mrs. Killick. "Here's the key. If anything *should* happen—"

The surgeon took the key, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and then went down stairs to compound medicaments. His face was very grave indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR LIBERTY.

At about the same hour at which the slipshod servant-maid, creeping reluctantly down from her warm bed in the attic, entered Miss Crawse's sick-chamber, to be scared by what she saw there, a prisoner lay watching greedily for the pale rays of the tardy dawn. The Queen's prisoners—felons and thieves—lie upon cocoa-nut mattresses, under warm blankets, in airy cells. They are well fed, not overworked, and properly cared for by surgeon and chaplain. Their warders stand in more awe of them than they of their warders, and handcuffs and leg-irons are only for the refractory and incorrigible. But this was a captive indeed. He lay upon straw and shavings, covered by a frowsy old rug, and the damp cold of the cellar where he was shut in pierced him to the bone. There were irons on his feet; they clanked as he stirred. It had been an ineffable gratification to Game Dick to fasten on those irons, made by a friendly blacksmith at a not too thriving forge miles away—a blacksmith who asked a fancy price, and no rude questions. The knave and jail-bird who riveted those fetters on the limbs of an honest man chuckled with dry humor as he played his new part. "Turn and turn about," he had said. "Dick a'dubsman! What next?" The place of confinement was such as no modern Home Secretary or visiting justices would sanction as fit for the humane custody of even a garrotter. It was a very long cellar, with a brick floor, on which grew rank yellow moss and sickly white fungi, with brick walls and a roof, the rough joists of which were visible through gaps in the rotten plaster. Light came filtered through four squares of bottle-green glass, protected by a thick grating of rusty iron. This dim skylight window was situated at the top of a narrow and steeply-sloping aperture, and a second series of iron bars guarded it from access on the part of anything stouter than a weasel. There was but one door to the cellar, and that was the weighty wooden trap that gave entrance to the vault from the back-kitchen of the toll-keeper's house, the same trap which Mrs. Brown had lifted when Nicholas and Game Dick had brought in the insensible burden of the stranger's body. This door was secured by two bolts, by the near neighborhood of a yelping cur, always alive to his duty of barking at unusual noises, and by the vicinity of the Brown family, one of whose members, Nicholas, always slept on a truckle-bed in the little shop. It would have been hardly possible for the cleverest captive to force the trap-door, to pass the dog, and to step over Nicholas Brown's bed undetected.

The inmate of that dismal den had very little light. The winter's day was sadly short to him; the nights were endless in their black darkness. His squalid window, in which the iron bars and the bulls' eyes of the coarse glass obscured half the pale rays, faced eastward; but if day began the earlier on that account, it closed early too. Five hours in murky weather, six or seven when the sky was frostly clear; he could reckon on no more; and that was but a period of modified obscurity, of dim twilight. Eyes not accustomed to the gloom of the subterranean could not have distinguished more than the outline of the prisoner's form. When the self-elected jailer, Nicholas or Game Dick, came down with a supply of food, he brought a candle with him, even at noon; but he left no candle behind him, and the solitary creature below spent the long night in darkness and cold.

He had borne his imprisonment without murmuring. From first to last those who held him captive had never heard the sound of his voice. Obstinately dumb to questions, however coaxingly or threatingly put, apparently indifferent to hardship, and either answering cuffs and ill-usage by a snarl of animal menace, or sunk in apparent apathy, this strange man had seemed below the level of humanity. Those who had him in charge were desirous to keep him alive for their own ends, and would have given him warmer clothing, better food, anything he asked, liberty excepted, had he but craved for them or shown signs of illness. But he was silent as an Indian at the torture-stake, and never uttered a syllable of expostulation or complaint, but awaited, with bright, patient eye, whatever might befall him. This conduct bewildered Game Dick, who declared that whether the "beggar was mortal deep, or green as grass," he, Richard Flowerdew, could not tell; and for some time Game Dick made frequent irruption, at irregular intervals, into the cellar, examining the iron bars of the window, the trap-door, the face of the prisoner, all in his vague fear of some subtle plan of escape.

But Game Dick, tired of this work, and meeting in evil hour with some chums of the thieving tribe, fresh from London, he lent efficient aid in hocussing and robbing a farmer at Heaviton Fair, was apprehended on the premises, and being remarkably well known to the police, was fully committed to take his trial at the assizes. Thus the Browns were left, not a little to their secret joy, to guard the captive, and to secure the lion's share of the anticipated reward. Nicholas laughed at the idea of their charge's escape. "The best cracksman on the lay couldn't do it," he said, "let alone a poor cove like that."

But Nicholas was unaware of the weight and power of the motives that impelled his prisoner to a display of secretiveness, invention, and self-reliance beyond the conception of vulgar offenders undergoing punishment for crime. Whenever the ruffian entered the cellar—where a smuggler had stowed away his spirit-kegs, newly brought from the sea-coast, long before the turnpike was established—he found the occupant crouched, as in a state of stupid lethargy, on the straw. But had Mr. Brown paid a sudden official visit to the vault as the early light came coming through the window, he would have seen something that would have startled him from his complacent security; he would have seen the prisoner, no longer apathetic, but alert and active, with a terrible earnestness in his wasted face, in the very motion of his bony hands, huddling closer to the window, and beginning to work. Thus—First, stooping down, he touched the heavy irons on his feet, and, as if by magic, they fell with one clank upon the straw. There was no witchcraft in the matter, though nothing but the magic of industry and dogged determination. With a bit of iron hoop, that had once bound a cask of French brandy, notched by the aid of a crooked nail till it could do duty for a file, the shackles nearest the rings that encircled the prisoner's limbs had been cut through and through. No easy work. It had taken two days to make the file, nine to cut through the fetters, and the workman's hands had been galled and scarred by the imperfect tools, but he had never ceased working, save during those hours when a visit from his jailers might be expected. The iron filings had been needfully swept away, the shackles wrapt in straw, and tied, so as to keep them apparently intact, and a wisp of straw had been swathed around each of the wearer's ankles, as if to guard them from the painful chafing of the hard metal. The chains were still there, but a touch would snap them.

This was but the needful preliminary of the prisoner's toil. That work of scraping away iron, atom by atom, grain by grain, could be done by night. It was some relief, in the long sleepless hours, to feel that every motion of the file brought the hour of deliverance a little, a very little nearer. But the other needful work required light, and the only available light was that which the sun gave so grudgingly through the dirty panes. It was almost beyond endurance to lie, shivering between waking and uneasy sleep, through the Egyptian darkness of the night, and to feel the ceaseless gnawing of the one ever-present thought—"Too late! After all that I have planned, done, suffered, the day may come and go, and I may be too late!"

There were times when the desperate wretch was ready to dash out his brains against the walls of his cell; but never in the hours when work was safe, and this was one of them. First, he drew from under his heap of shavings and straw that served him for a bed a fragment of slate, marked with Arabic numerals very neatly cut in it with the point of a nail. This was his record—his almanac. By the aid of this he counted the days as he went on; and at the end of the list, more deeply cut, and larger than the rest, was the figure that represented a certain day soon to come, a day he had learned by mere accident, after weeks of stealthy listening to every scrap of talk that his guardians let fall as they conversed in the kitchen above. Such conversations rarely occurred, for the back part of the house, beneath which the cellar lay, was but seldom entered, and though one of the gang always stayed beside the trap while another descended into the vault, for fear of some sudden ebullition of fury on the part of their prisoner, it was not often any spoken words that had an interest for the morbidly acute ear that hungered and thirsted for tidings, reached the depths below. But at last, as if by chance, the old woman, with a feminine interest in weddings which age and avarice could not quite banish, had said, as she came to meet her surly son passing up the narrow brick stairs of the cellar, after carrying his food to the inmate of that lair:

"The wedding-day's fixed, it seems; it's to be on the 30th of December. She told me so herself when she gave me the bank-notes, as agreed upon, and—"

But here the massive flap of wood was slammed down and bolted; and the noise of the falling trap, and the harsh grinding of the rusty bolts, drowned the rest of Mrs. Brown's speech. Neither the old woman nor her son had any idea that the information which had unwittingly conveyed to the imprisoned wretch below would fall as gratefully upon his ear as dew on the parched turf in summer. Now he knew the worst; now he had a definite purpose to work out within a definite period. The joy with which he heard the news was strangely mingled with pain; but he smiled savagely as he finished the list of days he was scratching on the fragment of slate, and cut the numerals that represented the 30th of December deep and deeper than the rest.

"I shall remember that day," he said between his shut teeth, and as if the words had been engraven on his heart, like the name of lost Calais on that of the dying English Queen, he often started from his fitful sleep, and cried out bitterly: "The day! the day! I may be too late, too late. Oh! will the morning never come, that I may work, work!"

And he would lie with his eyes fixed on the window far above his reach, waiting for the first cold beams of wintry light, that he might hurry to his self-imposed toil.

His fetters removed, and his little calendar laid by under the straw, the prisoner then produced from some hiding-place a large spike-nail, a short thick piece of wood, and a piece of rusty sheet-iron, all of which lay in the shallow lid of

an old basket, and all of which were invaluable to their present owner, as the only instruments at his command. The spike-nail, indeed sharpened and ground on a loose stone, made a tolerable chisel, such as an artisan would have despised, no doubt, but which to that lonely man was as precious as iron nails had been in the eyes of the rude South-sea islanders when the whites first reached their shores. By its help he had begun a task, the first stages of which were the most arduous and the most liable to detection, a task almost beyond the conception of Game Dick, who had nevertheless broken prison twice during his career of crime.

Listening, like the hare when the hounds are at fault, and she steals, with ears laid back and clotted fur, along the hedgerow, the captive waited motionless for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied that no interruption was imminent, began his work. First, some large patches of moss that incrusted the eastern wall were removed, but with as tender care as the most zealous botanist could have shown in gathering some unique vegetable exotic. That moss was yellow and dry, while the growth elsewhere was green and moist, and no wonder, for it was kept in its place by a tenacious paste of wet clay, artfully concealed beneath the withering tufts. The piece of sheet-iron, which was knife and scoop, and trowel and shovel, in one, soon removed the moss, and laid the brick-work bare. Had Game Dick or his partners in rascality chosen to inspect that brick-work, they would not have been much the wiser. The dark-red bricks, the stained mortar, looked exactly like the rest of the cellar-walls; and yet, as the first touch of the spike-nail, out came the mortar, piece by piece, and first one brick, and then another and another, was drawn silently from its place, and ranged on the floor, the chips of dry mortar lying between the bricks to which they belonged, and each of the bricks being laid in regular order, like the parts of a child's puzzle, so that no doubt could exist as to the manner in which they should be replaced when their turn came. Down came brick after brick, until a gaping aperture was left in the wall, large enough to admit a full-grown man on hands and knees. And beyond the brick-work was a dark cavity, whence the marly earth that lay beneath the mould of the widow's garden had been scooped away. Into this cavity the prisoner crawled, like a rat into its hole, and after again listening breathlessly, pursued his work, skillful and patient as a mole in its underground gallery.

His plan of escape was simple in appearance, but its very simplicity was adapted to baffle the cunning of ordinary knaves and ruffians like those in whose power he lay. Had he essayed to file away the window-bars, to saw through the trap-door, to overpower the amateur jailor who brought him his pittance of food and water, he would probably have failed, and especially while Game Dick was still hanging about the turnpike. But to burrow away out, through earth and wall, was a labor that nothing but the most stubborn resolution, skill and self-denial could achieve, and no notion of such a danger to their probable gains ever entered the heads of Aurelia's agents. They sincerely believed that their captive's mind was too much clouded for a coherent purpose to take root there.

"The chap was always queer," Dick had said on the very morning of his own little misunderstanding with Justice on the score of the robbery at Heaviton Fair—"always queer, and that rap you gave him, Nick Brown, has addled him quite. You hit him too hard; I said so at the time."

But the object of their scornful compassion was as intent upon his plan as the wiliest statesman on his master-stroke of diplomacy; more so, indeed, for his whole being, and hopes, and thoughts were all fused into the one deep engrossing fury of his eagerness. For this he was patient, for this he labored, for this he watched, counterfeited apathy, kept true to his task. Every handful of earth drawn forth from the bank, every inch gained towards the upper air, brought him nearer to the fulfillment of his project. He worked now as no hireling could have done.

He had chosen the eastern wall, because he heard twice a day the creaking of the stiff windlass of the garden-well close by. It was so near, that well, that he could hear the dull thumping of the full bucket, as it touched the side of the well in its ascent, and the clank of the chain as the bucket was unhooked. The well lay to the east of the cellar; the distance was short; if he could but tunnel, without discovery, till he reached the well, he should be able to escape. The rope was kept dangling in the shaft of the well; he knew that. His quick ear had never failed to catch the sound of its fall and vibration against the slimy walls. The brick-work of the well once reached, once pierced, he could swing himself up by night, climbing hand over hand, and be free hours before his flight would be known.

But hard as he toiled, carrying away the earth in small loads in his basket-lid, laying it on the floor of the vault, behind a pile of loose bricks and rubbish, which made a convenient screen across one portion of the cellar, stamping it flat, and heaping shavings and brick-dust over the fresh mould, he took a wrong direction, and missed the well after all by a yard or two. But he had pushed his tunnel very near to the surface of the garden itself; he started sometimes when he heard the smothered sound of voices talking overhead, as he bent, with stiffened limbs and cramped fingers, over his toil; and his fear was lest the earth should cave in suddenly, and betray him to his enemies. One more day, two more days, would surely suffice. He had been forced of late to take the precaution of propping up the roof of the excavation with such broken bits of board, and old staves of casks, and scraps of rotting poles, as he could find among the rubbish in the cellar; but the day—December the 30th—was so very near now. After all that cruel labor and more cruel suspense, if he should fail, after all! He worked for as long as he dared, and then with a sigh crawled out of the pit, and busied himself in replacing, dexterously and rapidly, the portion of the wall which he had removed. Every brick was set in its old place, every piece of mortar fitted into the interstice to which it belonged; a little of the green mould from the dampest part of the vault was rubbed over the cracks; and the moss, carefully moistened with water from the pitcher that stood beside a pie-dish half-full of broken meat, was fixed with clay to the wall where it had once grown rankly. Then the tools were hidden, the shackles were replaced, and the prisoner lay down beneath the frowsy rug, on the straw and shavings, and crouched and cowered like some animal in a cage. He felt the cold, now that he had ceased to work; he shivered, and a dull leaden pallor settled on his face, lately so keen in its expression. It was not more than an hour before noon. Brown would soon come. He came twice a day. Twice a day, or oftener, the captive's labor had to cease till the visit was past.

"It is very cold here, and dark," he muttered, "and no friend ever comes. Aurelia—"

He started as if a serpent had bitten him. All the stupor and dull pain that his pinched face had begun to show were gone in a moment; his eyes were brilliant, lustrous, full of lurid fire and resolution. He looked down at his hands, which he had begun to chafe, for the sake of warmth, and saw that they bore the marks of his late toil; those stains he effaced as well as he could, and then, after a breathless pause, felt under his clothes for the belt he wore concealed. Yes, it was there still, and the gold pieces were there, safe. His pockets had been emptied when he was first brought in, and his pistols, and his penknife, and his purse, had been taken away. There was not much money in the purse—half a sovereign and some silver—but those in whose hands he was were satisfied that he had no more, and did not search him after they had relieved him of what little his pockets contained. He had the belt yet, and money was power. He knew what he had to do. As he had done before, he must lie quite quiet, and look quite stupid, when his ruffian keeper came into the den. He must restrain the homicidal impulse that coursed through his veins like liquid fire, and bear taunts, blows if need be, without a word. The duller and more torpid they thought him, the better. Perhaps he should not miss the 30th of December. One, two more spells of labor would bring him to the upper air. The 30th of December! Yes, he bent his aching brain to think fixedly of that. On that day Aurelia was to be married—he must not miss that day.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," grumbled Nicholas over his pipe, after his morning visit to the prisoner, "that caged bird of ours mopes too much, and he'll die soon, and there'll be a pretty piece of work. It'll come out, I tell you—murder al'ays does come out. You may smiggle, but it does. And they'll make it out murder if we bury him here, and the police get scent of it. I don't want to be scragged, old woman, clever as you think yourself, and I won't be, I swear that." And the fellow backed the asseveration by a resonant oath, so loud that his mother started, and peered round for fear some one might be standing near the open half-door of the shop, within earshot. There was no one there, however, and Sally was up stairs. The girl generally kept out of the way of her rough uncle, who disliked her, and showed his sentiments in a practical manner by kicks and pushes when she came near him. His temper was not improved by the drunken habits that grew upon him. Late as it was, he was unshaved, and his untidy breakfast lay in a heap as he had thrust it from him.

"Nick," said the reputed witch scornfully, "you're but a chicken-heart after all. My lad beyond seas was worth six such as you. You've been drinking more than you ought overnight. Didn't I have to help you in when you came home staggering, and now you've got the horrors, and serve you right. Let me lace your tea for you." And Mrs. Brown extracted a black bottle from a cupboard, and poured into her son's cup something that smelled and looked like gin. "There—you'll be all right now. We shan't have the chap long. Miss—no need to name names, and besides," added the hag, grinning, "she'll change hers to-morrow, and be called My Lady—told me only yesterday how she'd found a doctor would take the man away, and not bother us by asking a lot of questions; and he'll come with a carriage next week to fetch him. Drink your tea."

Nicholas drank his tea. The laced beverage made his blind eyes twinkle.

"We won't part with him—not till we get every penny of the brass, paid down," said he, smiting the table with his heavy, shaking hand.

"Of course not, ducky!" answered the old woman with a cackling laugh.

But on the day following that on which this colloquy occurred, Nicholas Brown, who had gone stumbling down the cellar-steps to carry food to the prisoner, came rushing up again, with such a storm of execration as drove Sally, frightened out of the kitchen, and made even his stout-hearted parent shudder.

"What's up, my lad?"

"Gone! Given us leg-bail! The bird's flown!" and then came a new volley of oaths.

So it turned out. The cellar was empty, but the gap in the wall, and the tunnel burrowed through the earth, remained to show by what road the captive had gone. Gone he was, and his recapture was unlikely in the extreme. There was no clue to guide the pursuit.

"I wish Game Dick was here!" cried Nicholas, as he stood disconsolate, gaping at the disordered bricks, the yawning excavation, the shackles lying on the cellar-floor, all the signs that their late captive had been more than a match for the craft of his jailers. "I *wish* Dick was here. I suppose I'd better pad the hoof to Miss there at the Hall, and let her know—"

"Let her know nothing," resolutely broke in the old woman, who had more presence of mind than her son. "I know her well. Once say we've lost the bird, and we may whistle for payment. Keep it dark, lad, keep it dark! We may get the money after all, if she thinks the chap's snug with us. Mum's the word."

So Aurelia received no warning. Her agents, like their employer, thought of their own interest, and of nothing else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is an admitted fact, well demonstrated by the appearance of the rebel prisoners in camp and hospital, that the sanitary condition of the rebel army is equal if not superior to that of our own, and the attention of practical and scientific men is directed earnestly to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary and unexpected fact. In 1862 the rebels were far inferior to our men in recuperative powers, especially when subjected to severe or capital surgical operations; but it is now observed that their condition has greatly improved, while our soldiers have lost rather than gained in power of endurance. Strange as it may seem, there are eminent medical men who attribute this improvement of the rebel army to the simplicity and diminished quantity of rations; being at present limited to sixteen ounces of corn meal and four ounces of bacon per day. This diet is very nutritious, and when men are engaged in active out-door pursuits, it must be very healthy.

GUERRE A MORT.

[If any of our readers should think the tone of the following spirited lines a little too sanguinary, all we have to say is that they are the production of Mrs. M. F. Tucker, the widow of the late Lieut. E. L. Tucker of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Forth in the early morn he rode,
With spirit scorning fear,
The sunlight on his armor glowed,
My noble cavalier!
But see! from hidden covert dim
(God curse the dastard foe!)
A deadly bullet aimed at him,
Has laid my darling low!
Oh, men! my woman arm is weak,
Avenge my dead for me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

The golden sunshine of the South
(Dim be its glory now)
Had never kissed so sweet a mouth,
Nor crowned so fair a brow.
But ah! the look of tender trust,
The loving smile hath fled,
His dear form moulders into dust,—
Up men! avenge my dead!
Bear on the standard that he bore!
Wave high the banner free!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Amid the hell of shot and shell,
And bullets raining fast,
And flame and flash and roar and crash,
Ring out your bugle blast!
Lift up your sabres in the sun!
Nor sheath the trusty steel,
E'en though the victory is won,
And traitor minions reel.
But charge upon their broken line!
Oh follow where they flee!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Would Mercy with her syren tongue
Beguile thee from the trust?
Disdaining to be merciful,
Oh, men! be only just!
I charge you by the widow's wail,
And by the orphan's woe:
I charge you by the hopes that fail—
And by the tears that flow,—
Oh, pierce Rebellion's cursèd heart!
Strike deep for mine and me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Macon, Mich.

☞ To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lids with a pair of scissors, and the ability to jump is as effectually destroyed as Sampson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. [But is it not rather cruel?]

☞ Dr. Madden thinks the momentum of the blood is owing to the pressure of the atmosphere on the skin.

☞ Samuel Mather, whose farm is on the line between Hartford and Windsor, in Connecticut, has just harvested one acre of wheat, and its yield is over forty-five bushels. It was raised on land from which a crop of tobacco was gathered last year. He says that following a crop of tobacco, he can always get a good yield of wheat.

☞ The editor of the Green Castle *Banner* says he found a curiosity in a printing office at Gosport. One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up types remarkably well. He is the first blind printer he ever came across. He stated to him that his average day's work was 5,000 ems, and that on several occasions he set from 7,000 to 9,000. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines. When this is finished, he cries the last word "set," when another sentence is read, and thus continues on during the day.

☞ WHAT A SOLDIER CAN SAVE.—The Portland *Press* says:—"A private in the 30th Maine Regiment had on the allotment roll $10 per month reserved to be deposited in the Savings Bank, reserving only $3 per month to spend for himself. After twenty months' pay the allotment was discontinued. Two hundred dollars, therefore, were deposited. Out of the $3 per month, and by taking what money is allowed if clothing is not drawn, he managed to save and send home at one time $25 for a watch and some other things, at another time $21, to be forwarded to his father in Nova Scotia. Within a few days $200 have come by express, to be also deposited in the bank. The State and city bounties for re-enlistment are yet to be paid, which will swell the sum, with interest accrued, to upward of $750. At the close of the war, at this rate, he will have a big pile for himself. We commend this example for the imitation of all others of our brave soldiers in arms for the defence of our country. Economy and good habits are the secret of all this. Neither tobacco nor liquor has been used by him.

☞ THE BEST FOOD.—Dr. Hall recently showed that beans, flour, corn meal, butter and rice, contain more than twice the nutriment of any animal food, and are digested in one-half the time. 25 cents worth of flour, at 8 cents per pound, contains as much nourishment as $2.25 worth of roast beef at 25 cents per pound; and that a pint of white beans, costing 7 cents, has the same amount of nutriment as 3½ pounds of beef at 25 cents per pound. Cabbages, boiled, have only seven per cent. of nutriment; turnips but four per cent.; potatoes only thirteen per cent; cucumbers but two per cent., and all are therefore very dear at present prices.

☞ Three young officers of rank and good family, the Counts Schmissing-Kerffenbrock, have been dismissed from the Prussian army because they publicly avowed that their religious sentiments were opposed to the practice of duelling.

☞ The Rector (Wolcot) of Ribbesford, England, allowed himself lately to be sued for £42 14s. 6d., the amount due for 326 original MS. sermons supplied since 1860. He admitted their merit, and had preached them, but didn't want to pay. The prices ranged from 2s. 6d. for "harvest" to 5s. for "special" sermons, while one very "special" discourse was charged £1 1s. The Vicar was defeated in the case.

☞ The Government of Spain is about to erect a statue in Madrid to Christopher Columbus. It will be from twenty-five to thirty feet high, on a pedestal sixteen feet. Competition for the work will be open to sculptors of all nations.

Original Fables.

Doctors Seldom Like their Own Physic.

Paddle, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favorite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy towards each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom, to make him go farther from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking amiably at him at the same time; and Tom, though he wouldn't give way an inch farther than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstration, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fail in showing the reality of our regard for each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom.

"Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you—"

"Hush!" said Paddle: "everything in order. You know, dear, I am older than you." I may say I remember you a kitten; so let *me* give *you* the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom; "I'm ready."

"Well, then. First, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it that I'm obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest pieces, which I look upon as indelicate. In the third place—"

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop," said Paddle; "I haven't done;" and he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked,

"Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle.

"Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place—"

"Thank you," said Paddle," interrupting him; "you must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and cannot stop any longer this time."

Little and Good.

Among some jars of wine of various sizes stood one considerably smaller than the rest, and it was consequently looked down upon with much contempt by its companions.

"How many are there of us in all?" asked a portly jar.

"Fifteen," cried the little one, "as *I* count."

"As you count!" returned the offended vessel disdainfully. "You surely don't so count as to number yourself among us?"

"And why not?" asked the little jar stoutly. "I am quite full, and what more can any of you be? I think our respectability lies in making a perfect use of our capacity, whatever it may be, and not in having a large one or a small one. But I can tell you another thing—the wine that's in me is three times as precious as that which you contain; so that a little of me is worth a great deal of you. Quantity *is* of consequence in the value of a thing, but quality has more to do with it still."

Truth Not Always Pleasant.

"Dear friend!" cried the willow, as she bent over the stream, and gazed on her graceful form reflected on the glassy surface, "how tender and how true you are! I have not a single charm that is not mirrored on your faithful bosom." And, as the breeze played gently among her branches, they bent to the stream and kissed the placid waters.

Summer passed, and winter; summer and winter; summer and winter; and the willow grew old. Its leaves were few and its branches withered.

"How changed you are!" she cried peevishly to the stream. "Once I never looked on you but to rejoice, for all you showed me was pleasant and full of praise. Now, when I try to bend to catch a glimpse, I turn away sad and sorrowful; for what do you bring before me? Not verdure, not symmetry, not grace; but bareness, deformity, and decay. You are *greatly changed!*"

"Foolish willow!" answered the stream, "I am *too true*—that is my fault. There is a change, but it is not in me; but you are not the only one that looks coldly on the truth when it offends the liking."

The Donkey Philosopher.

"Come close to the hedge, Teddy," said a worn-out horse to his friend the donkey, with whom he was picking up a scanty meal by the road-side.

"Why?" asked Teddy, following with his measured pace.

"Look who's coming!" said the horse. And there passed a well-conditioned cob drawing a cart full of beans.

"How nice they smell!" said Teddy. "I should think they must be very good; but I never tasted any."

"I used to get them in my better days," said his companion, sorrowfully, "but I can never hope for them again."

"He's a happy fellow, isn't he?" said Teddy, turning his head slowly round to watch the cart going up the hill.

"Some are born to prosperity, some to adversity," sighed the old horse. And he went on to entertain the donkey with his recollections of the taste of beans, and to draw comparisons between their condition and that of the happy cob.

Some hours afterwards, while they were yet in the road, the cart returned empty, and while the driver stopped to chat with a friend passing by, the horse walked up to the cob.

"Good evening, sir. Pray what have you done with all your beans?"

"Left them behind," said the cob.

"Well, you're in very different circumstances from what you were when you passed us this morning," said the old horse.

"How so?" asked the cob.

"Can you ask?" said the horse. "Were you not drawing after you a burthen of rich delicacies that scented the air as you passed?"

"True, I was," replied the cob, "but not for my own benefit. The most that I have to do with beans is to carry them for the use of others; it's seldom I get a taste myself."

"Ah," said Teddy to the old horse as the cob's master drove him off at a smart trot, "how little we know of the truth of things!" I have often envied my cousin Jack, that draws a cart full of delicious vegetables along this road every Saturday, but I shouldn't wonder if he would tell the same story. No one can eat more than enough; and although it looks fine to have so much substance tacked to you, I dare say in most cases where we see it others get more good from it than he to whom it seems to belong."

So he buried his nose contentedly in a bunch of nettles, while the old horse stood yet in a melancholy attitude, trying to catch the last whiff of his lamented beans, of which even the empty cart had left a grateful odor.

The Curiosities of Insanity.

A man was arrested yesterday in an old rebel uniform, wandering about the streets. He was taken to the Reserve Corps room, at Fifth and Chestnut, where the idea that he was a rebel was quickly dispelled by the discovery that he was insane.

"What's your name?" asked the officer.

"Almighty," was the reply.

"That's a queer name. What is your first name?"

"God."

"You have some other name, haven't you?"

"I have a thousand names here, but I am God Almighty. I am a rebel general. I went into fifteen battles. Oh, I was'nt impressed. I own that I've fought against this country with good will all the time."

At this juncture the man was recognized as an inmate of the insane department of the Almshouse, who had escaped the day before. How he came to procure the tattered uniform of a rebel is something for which it is hard to account. He looked weary and hungry. He was asked,

"Would you like to have some dinner?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't eat. I haven't eaten anything for fifteen thousand years."

The wanderer was told that he would be sent back to the Almshouse.

"You'd better not do that," said he, with a menacing look. "There was an accident there the other day. That was the work of my vengeance. If you send me there again I'll open the heavens and thunder down the whole buildings. So beware!"

They locked him up, and last night reconveyed him to his old quarters. This form of insanity is by no means uncommon. Some months ago there were four persons at the same time in the Almshouse who fancied themselves the Supreme Being, and two women who claimed to be the Virgin Mary. What is also singular is, that these several aspirants for divine power quarreled with each other when in juxtaposition, and ultimately their separation became necessary. The subject of this writing is a new comer at the institution.—*Philada. North American.*

LADY MACBETH IN A FIX.—Perhaps the finest specimen of the ludicrous ever recorded is the following picture of private theatricals in India: "Never shall I forget," says the writer, "the getting up of 'Macbeth,' and to say the truth, it was got up most respectably, and Matthew Locke's music was admirably performed, under the superintendence of Topping, who was an excellent musician. *Lady Macbeth* was undertaken by Anstey, son of the celebrated author of the 'Bath Guide.' Everybody knows how rapidly the beard grows in a hot climate. Anstey's was of the blackest tint, and it being a warm season of the year, before the fourth act it had grown so long, as to render it actually necessary for *Lady Macbeth* to shave before she appeared in the fifth. It was, however, so sultry behind the scenes, and there was so little air in the room appropriated to dressing, that Anstey ordered a table, with a looking-glass and his shaving apparatus, to be placed on the stage, where there was a stronger current. In malicious pleasantry, some one rang the prompter's bell, which was the constant signal for drawing up the curtain. It was most promptly obeyed, and, to the amazement of the whole assembled fashion of Madras, Tom Anstey was exhibited in the costume of *Lady Macbeth*, in that most unfeminine part of his *toilette*. The roar, the screams of surprise and merriment that ensued, are beyond description."

A CHILD FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.—One day last week, in Warrenville, Ohio, a girl having a child in charge, left it in a baby-wagon, drawn up by the side of the road, for a few minutes, whilst she went to a neighboring house. A man coming by soon after was attracted by a peculiar noise and by the singular condition of the child, which was gazing very intently, with a fascinated gaze, into a tree overhanging the road. On looking up, he saw a huge black-snake coiled around the tree, and looking directly into the eyes of the child, whilst its distended jaws and quivering fangs evidenced its hostile intent. The man had no weapon with which to attack the snake, so he raised an alarm, which soon brought a number of the neighbors to the spot. Weapons were procured and the snake speedily killed. The reptile was found to be about the thickness of a man's wrist, and measured over five feet in length.

☞ When fire is applied to a living body, a blister filled with liquid is soon raised, and if the heat be continued, the epidermis is destroyed. But when the same heat is applied to a dead body, the epidermis rises in the form of a blister, which is filled with vapor, and which presently bursts. This test has been proposed by M. Martin de Cordoux, to ascertain if a person is really dead before the burial. In performing the test, the author recommends a small flame, such as the flame of a match, to be applied for a short time at about half a centimeter from the skin.

☞ The Troy *Whig* has the following:—"South Troy is just now agitated by the stories told about a child that talked at birth. It prophesied that a comet was coming in two weeks, and was going to give us terrible drought, and that in consequence of its disarrangements of atmospheric laws, there would be a five years' famine. The war was to end next year, according to the inspired baby's prophesy. There are numbers who have seen the talking child, and insist upon the truth of these stories."

The New Map of Europe—French Imperial Exhibition of Europe in 1866.

Paris (July 11) Correspondence of London Times.

This map is headed "Europe in 1866," and is on the basis of nationalities.

First comes the great Scandinavian monarchy, composed of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, with the Gulf of Finland, lakes Ladoga and Onega, and the White Sea, for boundaries between it and Russia. Denmark is completely absorbed in the new German monarchy, of which Berlin is the capital; and the kingdom of Poland, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, has Germany, the Slave and the Greek empires on the west and south, with the Carpathians and the Pruth as its frontiers. Of the Slave empire Pesth is to be the capital, while Vienna falls down to a provincial city. Italy comprises the Roman States, Venitia and Corsica. Portugal is swallowed up by Spain, to which Gibraltar is restored; and France, as a matter of course, takes in the Rhenish provinces, with the Rhine for its frontier.

The colors which designate the countries as they are to appear in 1866, designate the idiosyncrasy of the respective populations. France, "distinguished for the spirit of justice and humanity above all other European nations," is tinted with carmine, "representing the sentimental fire which God has used in coloring the lips. The feeling which makes the Italian people glorious, is, it seems, rather artistic than humanitarian, more developed in the arts than in their manners, and, therefore, Italy appears with a pale carmine approaching to rose color. Spaniards and Portuguese, being less humanitarian than the French, and quite as artistic as Italians, but still arrogant and vindictive, are of rose color, slightly tinted with ochre, "as expressive of roughness." The English, the most materialist of all people, and the most eager for aggrandizement, are marked with gamboge, the color of the gold they love. Scotland and Ireland, not having yet attained the same pitch of selfishness and materialism as the Anglo-Saxon race, the artist, to depict them, has considerately blended the staring yellow with the slightest shade in the world of rose.

The Germans, as a people addicted to study and meditation, and being very fond of music and beer, are marked in sky blue, "which of all other colors most exactly designates their character." The slave population, the gentleness of whose character is dashed with a certain roughness, not sufficiently entitled to sky blue, are painted in ultramarine. The Poles, who are also gifted with a musical genius, but are specially characterized by strong attachments, devotedness and exalted sentiments, which accounts for their being called "the French of the North," are marked by violet, inclining to rose, with a touch of carmine and blue. The Greeks, who are sure to reduce the Turks to submission at no distant day, are characterized by a love of speculation and commerce, and green, "as the emblem of material hope," is just the color for them. The peoples who live near the Poles are of a gentle disposition, and therefore the artist paints the Scandinavians lilac.

The Russians are treated somewhat unceremoniously. They are a barbarous people, with a thin varnish of civilization, which they exhibit to the west of Europe; but they are at bottom sanguinary and ferocious. Napoleon was quite right when he said:—"Scratch a Russian and you will find the Tartar." Ochre, with a tint of vermillion, is exactly the color in which a nation like this appears in the map of Europe for 1866.

IS IT A WASTE?—A correspondent of the New York Post, speaking of the voluntary efforts to supply fresh vegetables to the army, says these are needless sacrifices of sympathy and money. Since the beginning of the war the Government has made heavy contracts for "desiccated food"—fruits, vegetables, and meats—tons of which are to-day lying in the warehouses rotting unused. The desiccated onions placed a short time in vinegar become as crisp and tender as if just taken from the ground. The mixed vegetables for soups only require a little boiling in water, their potatoes are mealy and inviting, their fruits only require moistening to be fit for pastry, or to be eaten as a relish. This food is provided in abundance, and can be served at any time on demand in place of rice or hominy in the rations. The writer says:

"But here 'red tape' steps in. It causes a little trouble or extra labor to make the change in the regular rations; half the men are ignorant of the article, or do not know that they can have it on demand, and so they begin to sicken of scurvy, and the public sympathy is enlisted in their behalf to the tune of thousands of dollars, expended to furnish them what the government has already provided."

If this be the fact the soldiers should know it and get their due, and if no other good arises from the voluntary movement, eliciting this information will be of service to them and the public.

THE ESCAPED PRISONERS OF THE KEARSARGE.—A Board of Naval Officers, to whom the matter was referred, have decided that Semmes and those who escaped from the Alabama, are prisoners of war. The steamer Mercedita, off Charleston, surrendered to a rebel ram, but was not taken possession of, and was actually recaptured by the United States vessels, but her officers and men were considered as prisoners of war, and were brought North and exchanged. Semmes's escape, by this decision, does not release him from the obligations of a prisoner. He must be exchanged before he can again assume the offensive, or else he will incur the risk which attends a prisoner who violates his parole. His being considered a prisoner by our Government, gives it, however, no right to ask that Great Britain shall so consider him, nor does it impose any obligation upon that Government to return the prisoners to Captain Winslow. The British Government has nothing to do with the matter as between Semmes and Winslow.

☞ A CAT HINT.—When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it round her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured—she will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from reproach and danger henceforth. Try it.

☞ It should be known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

The High Prices.

Merchants who are perfectly acquainted with the trade of our country in such articles, say, from positive knowledge, that the quantity of tea and coffee, for instance, now in the United States, is greatly larger than at any other time within the last ten or twenty years. The same may no doubt be asserted, with truth, of other articles which we are accustomed to consider as among the necessaries of life. Where are all these stores of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, etc? *In the hands of speculators* and held *on speculation*. Every sale of these articles from one speculator to the other, at an advance, (which is easily managed between them,) enhances the price *of the whole stock* upon the community, and the question is, how long is this state of things to continue? How is this rage of speculation to be checked? It is clear that those who have money on hand, and feel disposed to risk it in such operations, cannot be restrained from doing so if they see fit. But there are others willing and anxiously desirous of entering into such speculations, and making fortunes out of the community, if they can only *borrow the money to do so*. Our banks, we are told, have been overrun with applications of this character lately. One man sees an opportunity of buying 1,000 barrels of whiskey, on which he is sure to make any amount of money that fancy may name, if the bank will only lend him the money! A party in New York, the other day, made up their minds to buy five hundred thousand pounds of wool in Ohio, on speculation, and came to *our* banks to borrow the money! And these are but samples of hundreds of such applications—most of the applicants, by the way, offer the banks no other security than *their own notes*, wondering that the banks cannot see that they must be *abundantly good*, considering the immense profit the borrowers are sure to make by the transactions! How are these speculations to be stopped, and the community be protected from the grasp of these voracious speculators? Answer. *Let the banks in all cases refuse to grant facilities for such operations*, and confine the operators to *cash* dealing only. By doing so they will best consult their own interests in the first place, and the good of the community in the next. A gentleman conversant with bank matters, assures us that the banks have already come to this conclusion, and if that course is steadily adhered to on their part we shall soon see the prices of the necessaries of life decline. Speculators cannot possibly carry the stocks they now have on hand, they will be *compelled to sell*, and prices *must* come down accordingly.—*Public Ledger*.

A TREE HEWN BY BULLETS.—Most people have doubted the literal accuracy of the dispatch concerning the battle of Spottsylvania, fought on the 12th inst., which alleged that trees were cut down under the concentrated fire of Minie balls. We doubted the literal facts ourselves, and would doubt it still but for the indisputable testimony of Dr. Charles McGill, an eye-witness of the battle. The tree stood in the rear of our breastworks, at a point upon which, at one time, the most murderous musketry fire that ever was heard of was directed. The tree fell inside our works and injured several of our men. After the battle, Dr. McGill measured the trunk, and found it twenty-two inches through and sixty-one inches in circumference, actually hacked through by the awful avalanche of bullets packing against it. The foliage of the tree was trimmed away as effectually as though an army of locusts had swarmed in its branches. A grasshopper could not have lived through the pelting of that leaden storm, and but for the fact that our troops were protected by breastworks they would have been swept away to a man.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

☞ WHY THE REBELS ARE CALLED "JOHNNIES."—In 1861 the Federal soldiers called the rebels "Secesh;" in 1862, "Confeds;" in 1863, "Grey backs," and in 1864 they call them "Johnnies." A correspondent gives us the following information about the origin of the last named *soubriquet:* The name of Johnny originated in a quarrel between a couple of pickets, which begun by the Federal telling the rebel that they (the rebels) depended on England to get out of this scrape, which the rebel denied emphatically, saying they were able to scrape themselves out. One word brought on another, until the Federal said his opponent was no better than a Johnny Bull anyhow; the reb swore he would shoot Yank if he called him a Johnny Bull again. The quarrel was stopped by another picket, and they soon cooled down, but the reb kept muttering "I'd as soon be called a nigger as Johnny Bull."

☞ PARIS POOR.—To men who know the population of Paris, and the hard lives of tens of thousands lead, the lines of palaces that have been pushed through the poor quarters on the south side of the Seine are monstrous heaps of wickedness. The workmen who raise them look upon them in dismay. The poor people on the site of whose houses they are built shift their humble household goods farther out of the wicked city, and wonder when the powers that rear these palaces will think of them and their little ones.

☞ THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—The Empress Eugenie this week, when passing through Thomery during a drive in the environs of Fontainebleau, stopped at the residence of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, and requested to see her studio. The artist at once acceded to her Majesty's wishes, and showed her the different paintings on which she is at present engaged, as well as many fine studies of animals. A painting representing a stag leading a herd of hinds along the summit of a rocky eminence, especially attracted the notice of her Majesty. After passing an hour in the studio the Empress took leave, having first obtained a promise that her private collection should be enriched by a picture by Mlle. Bonheur.

☞ When the biographies of Jenny Lind and Grisi can be written truthfully and without reservation, there ought to be special chapters for each artist, as to their "farewells." Perpetually are they going, but still is the cry, "They come;" they cling pertinaciously to their artistic career even in the decay of their respective powers. We are of the number of those amateurs who, having heard these singers in their earliest days, listen with sadness to their labors now that they must strive to conceal the inevitable ravages of time. To our minds there is no sight more distressing than to witness, in advanced age, those artists whom you have gazed upon in the first bloom of youth. We recall, with sadness, the melancholy exhibitions of Falcon and Pasta, and with similar feelings did we listen to Lind when she sang in Handel's "Penseroso."—*Late English paper*.

The Crops.

Speculators in the necessaries of life, assisted by some ignorant though well-meaning publishers of newspapers, have set on foot a report that the season's crops will fall short of an average. When pushed, they fall back upon the *wheat* crop only, saying it is too early to speak positively of other leading crops, however unfavorable the indications may be.

But we do not believe this to be correct in whole or in part. Judging from the reports in the agricultural publications throughout the country, as well as carefully ascertained facts to be found in our most reliable commercial journals, together with our own correspondence, we believe the wheat crop is a full average. Also that the rye is better than last year; the oats equally as good; the hay much heavier; the corn more promising at the same period; while the potatoes never looked finer. Altogether we have the strongest reasons to be grateful.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

A NOVEL PLEA.—A judge relates the following incident that occurred in his practice:—He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A., was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision. "May it please your honor," said the man, "may I pray?" The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. "O Lord, Thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and Thou knowest that it is so and so"—to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifogging. When he rose from his knees, Esquire W., the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken, said: "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" To which the judge replied: "You can close with prayer if you please." Esquire W. was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore, leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it.

☞ The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader, July 15th, contains the following shocking story:—"A terrible realization of the tale of Genevra, which Rogers has immortalized in verse, was discovered in the township of Newburgh yesterday. On Wednesday afternoon last a man named Schoger, left the house with his wife to go into the field to work. Their four children, aged from two to ten years, remained at home. On returning to the house the parents sought in vain for their children, the whole neighborhood turning out to join the search. Yesterday morning, however, in an old German chest in the garret of the house the children were found dead, their faces black from suffocation. In their play the little ones had got into the chest, and the lid falling and the spring catching, had been imprisoned in a living tomb.

☞ TO RENDER THE TASTE OF MEDICINE PALATABLE.—It has been ascertained by M. Gaw that the intensely bitter and nauseous taste of many drugs may be completely disguised by mixing them with chloroform. It is claimed that even the bitter taste of quinia and the peculiar odor of asafetida can be thus destroyed.

☞ "I have tried," said John Newton, "to make crooked things straight till I have made these knuckles sore, and now I must leave it to the Lord."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is some little export demand for Flour. Sales 15,000 bbls at $9@9,50 for superfine; $9,25@9,50 for extras; $10@11,50 for extra family, and $12@12,50 for high grade do and fancy brands; the sales are mostly confined to family Flour, at from $10 to $11,50 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour is worth $8,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is in active demand at fully former figures.

GRAIN—There is rather more Wheat offering. Sales 35,000 bus at $2,35@2,50 for common to good and prime Pennsylvania reds, $2,53@2,60 for new, and $2,55@2,65 for fair to choice Southern do. White is quoted at $2,65@2,75, as in quality. Rye is selling in a small way at $1,75@1,85 for new and old. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bus at $1,73@1,75 for yellow, and $1,68@1,70 for white. Oats—25,000 bus found buyers at 80@80c for new and old Delaware and Pennsylvania, chiefly at 83@85c.

PROVISIONS—The market generally rules very inactive. Mess Pork is quoted at $35@42 for thin and heavy lots. Beef is quiet at $20@30 ₩ bbl for country and city Mess. Beef Hams are held at $30@33, without sales. Bacon moves off slowly at 23@26c for plain and fancy bagged Hams, and 16@16½c for Shoulders. Green Meats; sales at 18@19c for salt and pickled Hams, and 15@16c for Shoulders. Lard is firm at 20@22c. Butter is in request at 23@29c for common to good and choice lots. Cheese is firm at 20@24c for good to prime. Eggs are quoted at 25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 300 bales, in lots, at from $1,30 to 1,62, cash, for low grade to good middling quality.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $50.

BEESWAX is selling at 35@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo prices range at $10,50@11 ₩ ton, on board, at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is unsettled and dull; sales Rio and Laguayra at 45@50c.

COPPER is firm. Yellow Metal is quoted at 30c for Sheets.

FEATHERS—Western are quoted at 85@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to green Apples and Peaches, which command full prices.

HAY is scarce at $24@25 ₩ ton.

HOPS are firm at 27@30c for Eastern and Western.

LUMBER is arriving and selling at $32@34 for Susquehanna Boards; $26@30 for Yellow Sap, and $24 for Lehigh Hemlock do. White Pine Shingles range at $20@25, and Laths at $1,75@2,50 per M.

PLASTER is worth $5@5,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 400 bus Cloverseed are reported at $12@14 ₩ bus. Timothy; sales of 300 bus at $4,75@5,25 ₩ bush. Flaxseed at $2,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue steady. N E Rum is dull at $2. Whiskey; sales at $1,75@1,80.

SUGARS—The market is dull, some 800 hhds have been taken at 20@22c for Cuba and 21@21½c for Porto Rico. About 800 boxes Havana sold at 21@22c, all on time.

TALLOW is dull at 18½@19c.

TOBACCO is firm; sales of Kentucky lugs are reported at 11@13c, and wrappers at 25@35c ₩ lb.

WOOL—Some 400,000 lbs have been taken at from $1 to 1,10, mostly at from $1@1,05 for medium and fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $13 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1300 Hogs at from $14 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—2200 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7½c ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₩ head.

☞ CANNON FIRING AND RAIN.—The Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute writes:—The idea has frequently been advanced that a drought may be interrupted by the firing of cannon, but a little reflection will convince us that neither the combustion of gunpowder nor the agitation of the air by a discharge of cannon can furnish the moisture necessary to the production of rain. If, however, the air is surcharged with moisture, and the atmosphere in the unstable condition which immediately precedes rain, then a violent commotion or an upward current of air produced by a large fire may bring on a rain which might, in some rare instances, not otherwise have fallen. In the case of the drought which we have had for the last six weeks, there was not sufficient moisture in the atmosphere to produce a rain. Even on Saturday and Sunday morning the air was remarkably dry, and therefore the moisture from which the rain of Sunday night was precipitated must have been wafted from a distance by the northeast wind which commenced blowing from that direction about nine o'clock on Sunday morning."

CHINESE PORTRAIT PAINTERS.—If you present yourself as a subject, you are asked the preliminary questions:

"How you likey? You likey handsome or you likey likey?"

You naturally reply that you wish the portrait to be like you; but woe betide you if, after that announcement, you object to the picture on the score of its ugliness.

It is said that a sitter once ventured to do so; the aggravated artist turned round to the collected audience, and with upraised hands, exclaimed in expostulatory tones: "Suppose no have handsome, how can?" Great was the sympathy evinced for the aggrieved artist, and overwhelming the confusion of the caricatured sitter.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are recommended for public speakers and others, for the relief of Colds and to clear the voice. Their efficacy is strongly attested by Congressmen, Clergymen, Military men and others who use them. *As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, Mr. SAMUEL M. ADAMS, to Miss MARY MURGITROYDE, both of this city.

On the 24th of July, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM H. HODGE, to Miss MAGGIE S. MCLEAN, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. EDWIN TOMLINSON, to Miss LIZZIE A., daughter of Elias Jester, of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. DAVID H. BOUD, to Miss MARTHA J. S. OTT, both of this city.

On the 10th of Jan. last, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE BRUCKMANN, to Miss FANNIE CALLER, both of this city.

On the 2d of July, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. GEORGE W. DORRAN, to Miss MATILDA FINLEY, both of this city.

On the 7th of July, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. HARVEY C. CARPENTER, to Miss SARAH A. B. JOLLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of July, Major A. CAL. SUPLEE, 72d regt. P. V., aged 36 years.

On the 26th of July, SAMUEL EVANS, in his 64th year.

On the 26th of July, ANN C. ANDREWS, in her 62d year.

On the 23d of July, JOHN MCFARLAND, Printer, of Co. D, 2d Del. regt.

On the 25th of July, CHARLES L. WAGNER, in his 24th year.

On the 25th of July, JOHN R. SMITH, Sr., in his 73d year.

On the 25th of July, Mr. WILLIAM R. PROCTER, in his 30th year.

On the 24th of July, Mrs. MARGARET KROMER, in her 55th year.

On the 24th of July, Mr. WILLIAM LONG, in his 86th year.

On the 24th of July, LYDIA E., daughter of John and Mary Morris, in her 22d year.

On the 23d of July, BETTY HOWORTH, in her 55th year.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
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Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
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FOR CAPE MAY.
At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.
RETURNING TRAINS.
Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 5:10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:50 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M and 1:50 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 9:26 A. M. and 2:23, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:54 A. M. and 2:50, 3:29, 5:05 and 5:12 P. M.
THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY,
Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-3t Superintendent.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Court Scene.

There is an attorney practicing in our courts who has attained a great notoriety, among numerous other things, for bullying witnesses on the opposite sides of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out in the crowd, we will merely call him "Wayke," for short.

There was a horse case in the Justices' Court, one day, in which Wayke happened to be engaged. A slow and easy witness had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who, in a plain, straightforward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wayke commenced a regular cross-examination, which was cut short in this manner—

"Well, what do you know about a horse—you a *horse doctor!*" said the *barbarian*, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wayke, in the same style—looking knowingly at the Court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out—

"Oh, ye-as—just so—*I'd never take you for a horse!*"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The lick back produced a regular *stampede*, and everybody was convinced that whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a "*hoss*."

Getting Out of Close Quarters.—Governor D———, of Florida, was as celebrated for his waggery as for his executive qualifications. Giving a crowd of gaping listeners an account of the strange things he had seen during his peregrinations in the far West, he said—

"Fact, gentlemen, the trees are so close together in Arkansas that you may travel for days together without finding them more than three feet apart; and then the game! such vast numbers of buffalo and bears and wild cats, but in all the world I never saw such deer!"

"What of the deer, Governor D——?" asked a squint-eyed descendant of Nimrod, who, to use his own expression, "'d rudder hunt nor eat any time," and so he had.

"Oh, the biggest, bouncing bucks you ever saw. Why, my dear sir, the woods are perfectly alive with them, charging about with great, branching horns full *four* feet apart."

"Well, but, Governor D———, if the trees are only *three* feet apart, and the deer's horns *four*, I want you to tell me how they get through?"

"Oh, well, that's *their* lookout. *I have nothing to do with that.*"

How to Reach Congress.—It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for vices. Congressional honors may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman, equally celebrated for his *fastness* and his talent, who after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that he "might be a smart man, but one thing was certain—he hadn't been sent to Congress for his billiard playing."

"That's where you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl. "It was just that elected me, and nothing else."

"Losing at billiards?"

"Yes. I always lost every game; everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—*but I got elected!*"

Perfectly Natural.—In an interior town they had, several years ago, a Philharmonic Society. They gave several concerts for the purpose of raising money to defray the cost of instruments, &c., and A—— was requested by the committee to sell some of the tickets to the first concert. The performance was to be Hayden's Oratorio of the "Creation," the different parts, of course, to be taken by the ladies and gentlemen of the society. A—— had unusual success in disposing of his tickets; in truth, some astonishment was created at the rapidity with which he worked them off. But presently it came to their ears that as a recommendation to purchasers, he represented that the performance was to be in *costume*. As the principal parts were Adam and Eve before the fall, the committee were indignant, and incontinently removed our over-zealous friend from office.

"Fire at the Crisis!"—During one of the battles on the Mississippi, between Gen. Grant's forces and Gen. Pillow's rebels, the latter officer called out to a Capt. Duncan, in his usual pompous, solemn manner:

"Captain Duncan, fire!—the crisis has come."

Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns already shotted and primed, and simply cried out in the usual way, "Fire!"

The men were slightly surprised at the order, there being no particular object within the range, when an old gray-headed Irish sergeant stepped up with:

"Plase yer honor, what shall we fire at?"

"Fire at the crisis!" said Duncan. "Didn't you hear the General say it had come?"

Uncle Sam's Pups.—A post office clerk sends the following: "A man called at our general delivery one day, when I happened for the moment to be engaged elsewhere in the office. He whistled loudly. I stepped to the window and savagely inquired, 'Whose dog he was whistling for?' 'One of Uncle Sam's pups,' said he, quite composedly. I had nothing to say."

☞ An Irishman, who found on the street a bill of fare of a recent dinner at the Kirkwood House, discovered therein the information of "oysters cooked in champagne," as one of the dishes served. "Bedad," says Pat, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty mouth, "I wish I was an oysther."

☞ A Novel Translation.—A thick-skulled school-boy had the sentence "Hope on, hope ever!" written for him to copy by his teacher. Imagine the surprise of the latter when upon examining the youngster's chirographical evolutions he found it rendered thus—"Hop on, hop over."

RATHER BEHIND HIS TIME.

Policeman.—"Hadn't you better be getting home, young man?"
Wanderer.—"Wha' for? Fourth July ain't over yet y' know!"

Legend of Becket's Parents.—In connection with the renowned Thomas A'Becket, a curious story is related of the marriage of his parents. It is said that Gilbert, his father, had in his youth followed the Crusaders to Palestine, and while in the East had been taken prisoner by a Saracen or Moor of high rank. Confined by the latter within his own castle, the young Englishman's personal attractions and miserable condition alike melted the heart of his captor's daughter, a fair Mahommedan, who enabled him to escape from prison and regain his native country. Not wholly disinterested however, in the part which she acted in this matter, the Moor's daughter obtained a promise from Gilbert, that as soon as he had settled quietly in his own land, he should send for and marry his protectress. Years passed on, but no message ever arrived to cheer the heart of the love-lorn maiden, who thereupon resolved to proceed to England, and remind the forgetful knight of his engagement. This perilous enterprise she actually accomplished; and, though knowing nothing of the English language beyond the Christian name of her lover and his place of residence in London, which was Cheapside, she contrived to search him out; and, with greater success than could possibly have been anticipated, found him ready to fulfill his former promise by making her his wife. Previous to the marriage taking place, she professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptized with great solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral, no less than six bishops assisting at the ceremony. The only child of this union was the celebrated Thomas A'Becket, whose devotion in after years to the cause of the Church may be said to have been a befitting recompense for the attention which her ministers had shown in watching over the spiritual welfare of his mother.—*Book of Days.*

Why Bees Work in the Dark.—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in the bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystaline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystaline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst that kept in the dark remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in the hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

☞ We are reminded of one of the most pungent and witty things ever penned on the subject of bad sermons. It is given in the work of an old German, on retributive punishments, in which he says that in the next world all unworthy and prosy clergymen will be condemned to pass the whole of their time in reading the bad sermons they have composed in this. A most horrible punishment.

☞ Swedish Paper.—There is very excellent quality of paper imported from Sweden, which is found to be of the highest value to the printers of wood-cuts. It has been worked in the office of the Illustrated London News, and, for beauty and sharpness of impression, no English paper has ever been found to equal it.

☞ Mr. Moreton, of Lubec, caught an odd fish last week in Johnson's Bay. The Eastport Sentinel describes it as sixteen feet long, eight feet girth, with a whale's tail, a shark's mouth, black skin, and not a bone in it. When opened it looked like solid lard. A very fishy story.

The Synagogue Service.—The third part of the synagogue service was expounding the Scriptures and preaching to the people. The posture in which this was performed, whether in the synagogue or in other places, was sitting. Accordingly, when our Saviour had read the haphtaroth in the synagogue at Nazareth, of which he was a member, having been brought up in that city, instead of retiring to his place, he sat down in the desk, or pulpit; and, it is said, that the eyes of all that were present were fastened upon him; as they perceived by his posture that he was going to preach to them. And when Paul and Barnabas went into the synagogue at Antioch, and sat down, thereby intimating their desire to speak to the people if they might be permitted, the rulers of the synagogue sent to them, and gave them leave. (Acts 13: 14, 15.) The Jewish doctors, to show their reverence for the Scriptures, always stood when they read them; but when they taught the people they sat down. (See Matt. 23: 2.) Thus we find our Lord sitting down in the synagogue to preach, after he had read the passage in the prophet which he made the subject of his discourse. The custom of preaching from a text of Scripture, which now prevails throughout all the Christian churches, seems to have derived its origin from the authority of this example.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Beef Cooked in a French Manner.—If the directions are carefully carried out, an excellent dish, to be eaten cold, is the result. Procure 8 lbs. from a buttock of beef, and ½ lb. of fat bacon; cut the latter into thin strips, and roll each strip separately in a seasoning of parsley and pepper, and then lard the beef thickly over with them. Place some veal bones at the bottom of an earthenware pan, (which has a cover to it,) tie the larded beef round with a fillet, and place it upon the bones. Then pour over it, *very slowly*, two tablespoonsful of rum, taking care that the rum sinks gradually into the beef. Place a thin slice of bacon at the top, then wash and cut up the following vegetables: A few French carrots, an onion, half a turnip, and one head of celery. Put these into the pan, together with three bay leaves, some peppercorns, and a bunch of savory herbs tied up in a muslin bag, and pour over the whole a large breakfast-cupful of stock. Cover the pan, and to prevent the aroma from escaping, paste a strip of paper round where the lid joins. Bake in a moderate oven for four hours; garnish, when cold, with savory jelly, and with the vegetables which have been stewed with the meat.

A New Breakfast Dish.—Common ship-biscuits are really admirable adjuncts to the breakfast table—not in their original brick-like state, but previously steeped for an hour or two in cold water, or covered for ten minutes with boiling water, and then toasted and buttered, are equal to muffins, and indeed, to our palate, preferable. We consider them a delicacy, when well dressed, and served to the table hot, with coffee or tea.

Raspberry Short-Cake.—Mix dough as for biscuit; roll thin as pie-crust and cut in sheets the size of a bake-tin. Place one of these in the tin, then a layer of ripe raspberries, then more dough, and so on for three layers of dough, and two of berries. Cut small holes in the top crust, pour in a little water, and lay on a few lumps of butter, and bake half an hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

To Make Good Vinegar.—One pint of strained honey and two gallons of soft water. Let stand in a moderately warm place, and I will warrant good vinegar in three weeks. I have tried it several times and never had it fail.—S. F.

To Prevent Flies from Teasing Horses.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor, viz., the flank, etc. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive a benefit from the leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

Pickled or Spiced Currants.—Take 8 quarts ripe currants, 4 pounds sugar, 1 pint vinegar, and ground spices to taste. Boil about an hour, put in jars and cover as other preserves. After a few months it is quite equal to cranberry jelly.

Sympathy for the Fallen.—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, represent to myself the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have but little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with Him from whose hands it came.

☞ "Come here, Tommy," said a schoolmaster, "do you know your A B C's?" "Yes, sir, I know a bee sees."

AGRICULTURAL.

Working Bulls in Single Harness.—The Ontario Times gives some experience in this matter, and a correspondent of the Working Farmer adds:—

My experience corroborates the statements of the author as to the service of these animals when properly trained. I keep three horses, and yet most of my farm work, except ploughing and dragging, has for two years past been done by a bull. He is used for all kinds of drafts, on the ground, on drag, in cart, in sleigh, in buggy, covered carriage, etc. He is used to cultivators, and rakes hay without a driver. The harness used is similar to the one in ordinary use for a horse, except that the collar and hames are inverted. He is more hardy than a horse, is guided with perfect ease and precision without reins, walks or trots, and is as kind and docile as a pet kitten. I think he will move as large a load as an ordinary horse.

He belongs to my son, a lad of fifteen, who has broken and trained him. He will soon be five years old, is a fine animal, a cross of the Devon and Durham blood. He has a mate, a stag, so that when needed he can be used for ploughing and dragging. My son is now training another, which will be two in a few months. He can be used already for almost any work, by being led. Learning to drive without leading requires some time and patience.

Don't Stint the Colts.—At no time in the life of colts do English farmers pay so much attention to these animals, or feed them better, than during their first winter; and those men contend that, if you inform them correctly how a colt is fed and cared for the first year, they will predict what kind of a horse he will make.

Just so soon as a colt is weaned he should have a few handfuls of good oats, bruised, per day, a few pounds of cut straw, and a few pounds of hay, cut. All else that he procures in the pasture will fill up the gap in his stomach, (which occurs between meals,) and he will not over distend that organ, nor his intestines, simply because the wants of nature have to a great extent been satisfied, or rather provided for, by feeding the articles just alluded to. Some persons may object to feeding colts in a generous manner, on account of the expense; but if good fodder makes strong, vigorous and healthy colts, and such colts make valuable horses, then I think that such investment must pay well. Finally, the principal effect produced on the growing animal by an insufficient nutrition, is to hinder his best development. Therefore, I say, *don't stint the colts.—Dr. Dadd.*

Influence of Iron on Vegetation.—A curious discovery has recently been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. Preparations of iron are used as medicine where the blood is poor in red particles. The pale cheeks of the invalid often regain their bloom under the influence of such tonics. It is the same, it appears, with plants. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat, derive advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of the sulphate of iron on soils in which that ingredient is wanting, and in cases where it is desired to produce an early crop. The material is, of course, cheap and the quantity applied small. All the scales falling around the blacksmith's anvils should be saved for the land—they are worth five cents a quart to gardeners. No fruit is so much benefitted by iron-rust in soils as the pear.

Cheap Mode of Feeding Horses.—J. Fisk, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., writes to the Rural New Yorker that he has a horse, five years old, used as a family carriage horse, which is frequently let to the neighbors. His labor is considerable. In the morning he feeds a bushel basket of cut oat straw; moistens it with water; throws in four quarts of shorts, mixed thoroughly and feeds. At noon gives straw again, and two or four quarts of shorts clear. At night mixes hay and straw—equal parts of each—cuts a basketful and mixes shorts again as in the morning. Feeds also all the potato and apple parings, cabbage leaves, etc., to him. His horse is free from cough, lively, healthy and fat; and this practice he is confident saves him 50 per cent. the cost of keeping a horse the usual way—costs about three minutes' time per day. This is an important item in the days of high feed.

The Largest English Farm.—The largest *farm* in England consists of three thousand acres, and belongs to a man with the Yankee name of Samuel Jonas. In its cultivation he follows the "four course" system, the whole extent of the farm being divided into four great crops—750 acres to wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans, peas, &c., and 750 to roots. His live stock is valued as follows: Sheep $35,000, horses $15,000, bullocks $12,000, pigs $2,500. The oil-cake and corn purchased annually amounts to $20,000, and artificial fertilizers about $8,000. The entire cost of manure, in various forms used, annually costs about $25,000. Sheep are claimed as the most profitable stock he keeps, from which are realized about $20,000 a year. His income from the whole farm, though not stated, can be little less than $50,000 per annum.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 89 letters.

My 14, 83, 33, 61, 6, 58, 85, 20, 23, 64, 3, 42, were the followers of Felix of Urgil.

My 26, 45, 10, 19, 68, 8, 63, 56, 28, 5, was a party of Reformers about Toulouse.

My 87, 9, 74, 50, 78, 4, 30, 21, 7, 2, 34, 5, was a body of dissenters from the Church of Scotland.

My 35, 12, 55, 65, 5, 24, 44, 15, 42, was an order of monks during the reign of Pope Alexander IV.

My 10, 63, 41, 31, 49, 80, 51, 54, 29, 36, 16, 42, 53, 56, 40, 70, 80, 5, 16, 32, 57, 25, 8, 38, 72, 51, 11, 64, 13, 58, 30, 66, 82, was an appellation assumed by a sect which sprung up towards the close of the 13th century.

My 48, 71, 78, 10, 47, 1, 67, is a Hebrew word signifying tradition.

My 48, 75, 67, 21, 30, 8, 69, 81, 54, 19, 79, 73, 39, 46, 66, 56, 43, 42, is a denomination of Protestants.

My 59, 62, 3, 27, 11, 80, 14, 82, 5, is a Protestant denomination which arose in the 16th century.

My 11, 69, 60, 56, 22, 33, 70, 40, 7, was a colonel in the Union army.

My 76, 37, 85, 20, 5, was a General in the Union army.

My 17, 68, 12, 23, 83, 5, was an ancient order of priests.

My whole is a quotation from Longfellow.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is a kitchen utensil.

My second is what all should do repeatedly when discouraged in any attempt.

My whole is quite a needful establishment of a hotel or steamboat.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, O.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of four letters.

Behead me, and I am an article of great service in navigation. Also, a Hebrew measure.

I am manufactured into various useful, elegant and substantial articles. In a rough state, I make the comfort of the fireside, and contribute to the cheerfulness of the domestic circle.

Again curtail me, and I represent one of three extraordinary brothers, who have been spoken of as belonging to the reigns of Henry VIII. of England, and his daughter, Queen Bess.

My whole is an encumbrance, and also a kind of protection used in some parts of the world at inclement seasons.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

A Geographical Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is what the soldier brave
Will never seek to shun,
My next, is what the coward knave,
Than do, would sooner run.

My third's possessions multiply,
Diminish, pass away,
Continually fluctuate,
Change owners every day.

My fourth, a changed appearance wears
With every season's change.
My whole the circling ocean laves,
In regions wild and strange.

Wilmington, Del.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Two men agree to mow a square field containing 40 acres, at the price of 75 cents per acre; but one being a faster mower than the other, agrees to take the outside swath and cut off all the corners. They mow 180 swaths around the field to complete it. Required, the number of acres that each cut, and the amount of money that each received?

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

If a vessel sailing in the Atlantic ten miles per hour, when the sun rises and sets in exactly twelve hours, should for that time continually head toward the sun, what would be the arc of the circle she would describe?

Norwich, Conn. E. M. PREVOST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a soldier more tired in April than any other month? Ans.—Because he has just got through a March of 31 days.

☞ In what ship have the greatest number of people been wrecked? Court-ship.

☞ What state has the greatest number of inhabitants? Ans.—State of Matrimony.

☞ What ought you to be cautious in giving, and keep when you have given it? Ans.—Your promise.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe." ENIGMA—The Ladies' National Covenant. RIDDLE—The Battle Cry of Freedom. CHARADE—Bayonet (Bay, O, Net.—ANAGRAMS—Monongahela, Prrawaddy, Cape Fear, Alleghany, Rio Grande, Petchora, Shenandoah, Des Moines, Dnieper, Tagus, Dwina, St. Marys, Rhine, Niger.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published June 18th.—$(1)^2$ $(2)^2$ $(3)^2$ $(6)^2$ $(7)^2$ $(9)^2$ $(12)^2$. Jas. M. Greenwood. 1, 4, 9, 16, 25, 49, 121. Walter Siverly. 4, 25, 49, 64, 121, 144, 169. A. Martin.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's PROBLEM, same date.—Time, 7 hours 53 min. and 27 sec. A. M., or 4h. 5 min. 42 sec. P. M. Morgan Stevens. The author gives 7 hours, 58 min. 19 sec.

Answer to PROBLEM by Peter Plain.—Tom has 12 apples more than Harry. Morgan Stevens, Jas. M. Greenwood, Walter Siverly.